

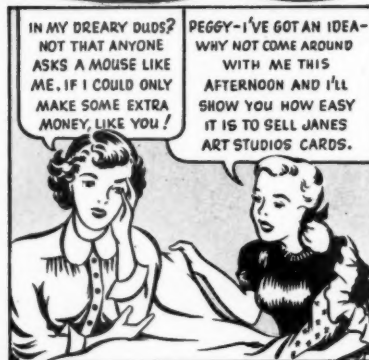
The AMERICAN GIRL.

June

1950 · 20¢



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by MARJORIE CINTA

Going Steady. By ANNE EMERY. The Westminster Press, \$2.50. Do you remember "Senior Year" which ended with Sally Barnaby walking on air because she was "pinned" to Scotty? This is the story of what happened to Sally and Scotty the summer after graduation when they were going steady. The workaday world of the duties and compromises of life with the family seemed remote and unreal to Sally who, in the bliss of first love, expected the summer to hold nothing except the joy of being with Scotty. But, though going steady had much of sweetness and delight, it had, to Sally's amazed dismay, a good many drawbacks and even being with Scotty did not always mean complete happiness. Mrs. Emery writes of young love with sympathetic understanding, and it seems to us that this is a realistic, unexaggerated, and fair treatment of the going-steady problem. You will have to make your own decision about it sooner or later, and we would be interested to know your ideas on this subject and what you think of Mrs. Emery's conclusions.

The Door in the Wall. By MARGUERITE DE ANGELL. Doubleday and Company, \$2.50. This beautiful book about medieval England is the 1950 winner of the Newbery Medal which is awarded annually for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for young people. While his noble father was off at the wars and his lady mother was waiting on the queen, young Robin was to begin his knightly training by serving as a page in a castle on the troubled Welsh border. Instead, the boy was trapped in London, paralyzed by a strange illness. How could a crippled boy become a knight and serve his king? How could he even perform the services of a page? Under Brother Luke's care and with his help, Robin had the courage and will to become a skilled craftsman and find his own ways to overcome his handicap and join in the fun with other boys. That is why, though he couldn't be a knight on horseback, he was ready to serve his king in a crisis. All the color and drama of fourteenth-century England come to life in this moving and inspiring story and in the author's lovely illustrations of castles and English countryside, of coifed ladies, tonsured monks, and laughing jesters.

Albert Schweitzer. By JOSEPH GALLOMB. The Vanguard Press, \$2.75. "No, I will not wear the new overcoat," small Albert Schweitzer insisted stubbornly, and nothing could induce him to put it on for the rest of the winter. He could not bear to be warm and well fed, while other boys were cold and hungry. Many years later, he could not be happy in the outstanding suc-

(Continued on page 36)

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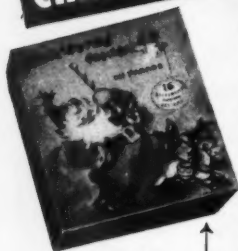
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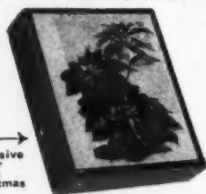
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The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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JUNE, 1950

A TOUCH of PSYCHOLOGY

by MARTHA JOHNSON

Illustrated by Meg Wohlberg

COME ON, Ronnie! This is our big chance to make good!" Kay Allen stopped by the gate that led into the Crestwood Hospital grounds and waited for Ronnie Bennet to catch up with her. The brisk spring wind had whipped her cheeks to scarlet and tossed her dark curls into a gay disorder. But her blue eyes were stern as she read the doubt in her friend's round face.

"What's the matter?" she demanded, taking Ronnie's arm and propelling her forward. "Don't you want to help at the hospital? Good night, I had enough trouble persuading Dad to let us try this without your acting like such a drip."

Kay's father, Dr. Allen, was chief of the medical staff, and it was his influence that had induced the hospital authorities to allow his daughter and Ronnie to volunteer as hospital aides for two afternoons each week. The regular volunteers were women, and Kay knew that she and Ronnie must prove themselves in the face of considerable doubt on the part of most of the staff.

Ronnie pushed her heavy, light hair back from her troubled face.

"You got me into this," she said. "I didn't even know the hospital needed helpers until you told me last night that we had volunteered. Why are you so anxious to work here?"

Kay's spirits drooped as she stared at the vase of withered flowers. "I suppose we ought to pick out the dead ones," she suggested hesitantly.

Kay's lips tightened. "Mostly because I'm sick of hearing so many people say that girls our age never do anything useful. We're going to show them, that's what."

They had reached the main entrance to the hospital now, and Kay pushed open the door with an energetic swing. A clean dry smell, compounded of floor wax, antiseptics, and disinfectant swept over them, and Kay sniffed it appreciatively. She had visited the hospital many times with her father and knew every hall, ward, and corner of the three-story brick building.

"Where do we go?" Ronnie asked uncertainly. The polished floor of the wide hall gleamed empty and lonely before them. The receptionist peering at them from her cubicle seemed prepared to question their right to be there. Then she recognized Kay and waved at her.

"Miss Coggins, the chief nurse, will tell you what to do," she called. "She's upstairs in the linen room in the left wing."

Kay nodded her thanks. She punched the button on the self-service elevator and tried to look unconcerned for Ronnie's benefit. But Kay, too, had qualms about this new experience. Everything depended on proving that she and Ronnie were capable of the tasks given them, even though they were the youngest volunteers the hospital had ever accepted.

Miss Coggins greeted Kay cordially and shook hands with Ronnie. But Kay's heart sank as she noticed that the nurse seemed uncertain just what to do with her young aides. It wasn't an auspicious beginning.

"We're coming every Tuesday and Friday afternoon from three to five thirty," Kay said, summoning her courage. "What do the other volunteers do?"

Miss Coggins looked relieved. "Do you want to do regular volunteer work?"

Kay assured her that they did, and the girls listened as the nurse outlined the volunteers' duties.

"They count the linen and put it away," Miss Coggins gestured toward two huge hampers of clean sheets and towels. "The shelves are marked. Then they arrange the flowers in the flower room down the hall and distribute them among the patients."

She handed each girl a blue coverall, the uniform of the volunteers, and watched them for a moment as they began to count the linens. As she turned to leave, she said over her shoulder, "If you have any time left, you might ask Miss Evans in the convalescent children's ward if you can do anything to help amuse the youngsters. Miss Munsen generally comes every day to entertain them, but she is away now, and the poor children get so bored."

Kay glanced at Ronnie, her eyes lighting. It would be fun to be with the children.

"Who's Miss Munsen?" Ronnie asked, when Miss Coggins had gone.

"You know Matilda Munsen," answered Kay. "She's rich as the dickens and gives the biggest donation every year to the hospital drive. But she thinks she owns the place and tries to run it. Dad says she's his greatest cross, but nobody dares offend her."

"I remember now. She lives in that homely old house with the huge conservatory."

Kay nodded. "And takes all the prizes at the flower show for her arrangements. Here, I'll take those sheets. Don't drop them, for Pete's sake."

Some time later Kay patted the last pile of towels into place and stood back to admire the neat rows of linen. "There, that's done, and in record time, I bet."

They pushed the hampers out to the service elevator, then went down the hall to the flower room. A heap of unopened boxes lay on a table, and in vases beside the sink was a varied assortment of cut flowers, many of them drooping and wilted.

"Now what?" demanded Ronnie, staring unhappily at the flowers. "Who belongs to what, and how do we know?"

For a moment Kay's spirits wilted almost as visibly as the flowers. "I suppose we ought to pick out the dead ones," she suggested hesitantly. "Lots of them are still good. Those stickers on each vase tell which room they belong to."

"That's right," said a high, cheerful voice from the doorway. The girls whirled about to see one of the floor nurses looking in at them. The smile faded from her lips and a look of doubt came into her eyes.

"Are you sure you can manage?" she asked. "I thought you were some of our regular volunteers."

"We are regular volunteers," announced Kay, "and we can do the flowers easily."

When the nurse had gone on her way, Kay snipped a dead stalk from one of the bouquets with a vicious click of her scissors. "Regular volunteers!" she exclaimed wrathfully.

Even Ronnie's ire was roused. "You'd think there was something special about this job."

It was a half hour later that the last vase was placed on the wheeled flower truck, ready to be taken to its owner. Each vase was ticketed with a room number, and the cards that accompanied the new flowers were tucked away among the leaves.

"What a miserable few there are for the wards," Kay said. "We might as well start with them. Most of the flowers are for the private patients. Doesn't seem fair somehow."

The unequal distribution of flowers seemed more than ever unjust to Kay when she and Ronnie trundled their cart into the women's ward. There were only a half-dozen vases for the twenty beds, and there was no mistaking the looks of envy and longing directed toward the few lucky patients who received the flowers. An Italian woman looked across at Kay as she placed a vase of roses beside a bed near hers, and Kay heard her say softly,

"Roses! *Que bella!*"

The woman looked so longingly at the bright flowers that Kay wished she had an armful of roses to give her.

"It's a shame," she told Ronnie when they were in the hall once more. "They all ought to have some."

"Well, we can't do anything about it," Ronnie consoled philosophically.

The private patients were just as grateful for the flowers as



"Want to hear a detective story?" Kay asked, as she tucked a pillow behind the blond head of the irrepressible Johnny

the others had been, and in a short while the cart was empty.

"Look, we've got almost an hour before five thirty," Kay said. "Let's stop in at the children's ward."

A babble of sound came from the long room, and it was obvious that much of the noise was the fretfulness of children who had nothing to do. Miss Evans, looking tired and harassed, met them at the door.

"I must say I never thought I'd miss Miss Munsen," she said wearily. "But the children seem possessed today. If Johnny Wilbur throws his pillow at me once more, I think I'll spank him."

Kay looked into the big, sunny room. A dozen children, ranging in age from six to twelve, occupied beds along the walls. All twenty-four eyes watched as she and Ronnie came into the room, and there was a look in those eyes that seemed to ask, "What can we do to annoy these two?"

Kay noted a scattering of books and toys on each bed and in one corner of the room a small victrola. There seemed to be scant material for amusing the children, and it was plain that they had grown tired of the things at their disposal. A rustle of

whispers and giggles followed the girls as they walked down the center aisle. Then a pillow hit Kay squarely in the back of the head.

Kay acted quickly. She picked up the pillow and held it over her head. "Good shot!" she cried. "Going to play for the Yankees when you grow up, Johnny Wilbur?"

She walked to a bed in the middle of the row and tucked the pillow behind the head of the boy who lay there. He was an innocent-appearing youth of about ten, who looked up at her with well-pretended surprise in his round blue eyes. "How'd you know it was me?" he demanded.

"I'm a detective," Kay told him solemnly. "Yours is the only bed without a pillow. Want to hear a story about a detective?"

Under cover of a shout of acclaim, Kay whispered to Ronnie, "You work on the younger kids. Tell 'em a story."

Kay stood where she could be seen and heard by the older children and launched into a lively tale about a police detective. It was a paraphrase of one she had read in a magazine, and she spared no effort to keep the suspense alive. Behind her she could hear Ronnie doing her best to give new life to the well-known adventures of Peter Rabbit.

Silence greeted the dramatic finish of Kay's story and her heart sank. She had failed; they hadn't liked her story. Then a long-drawn-out "Geel!" reached her ears. Johnny was staring at her with frank awe.

"I didn't know girls knew about detectives," he said. "Miss Munsen only tells about fairies and kids who always do good. Tell us another and put in a murder." (Continued on page 39)

The hospital needed help and Kay Allen and her friend Ronnie wanted to serve, but their second day as nurses aides almost ended in disaster





"Dear Connie," she read, "I thought you were the prettiest girl in the class"

PART FOUR

THE WEEKS between Thanksgiving and Christmas fairly flew. Gail and Connie were relieved and delighted that Daystar was proving popular with almost all the students at Seth Bennett High.

On the Saturday before Christmas, Connie was wrapping gifts so as to be free later to help decorate Daystar for a Christmas party. Her room was a mess! Boxes, gift wrappings, silver and red ribbons all over everything. She sighed contentedly. It was work, but it was fun, too. She loved the holiday season more than any other.

She had bought a compact for Gail, gold and white enamel with a big G. B. in script letters on the top. She had thought about getting something for Bruce and decided against it, even though they saw so much of each other at school and at Daystar.

She opened her pocketbook and took out the small bundle of notes he had passed her in the halls at school. They didn't look very romantic, written on ordinary math paper, but she had saved them all. One, written last Wednesday, read:

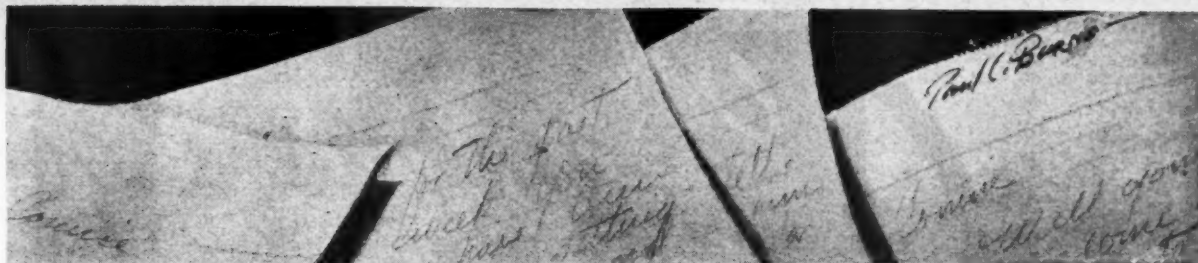
Dear Connie: In civics class the sun was shining on your hair and it had coppery lights in it. Once you looked up and smiled, and I thought you were the prettiest girl in the whole class. Bruce.

Yesterday, he'd written a puzzling one.

Dear Connie: I'm going out to our house at Whitewood Lake on Saturday to get some greens for Daystar. Do you like chicken sandwiches and green pea soup?

by
**AMELIA
ELIZABETH WALDEN**

Illustrated by Paul Burns



What on earth had Whitewood Lake and chicken sandwiches to do with her? She certainly could never go out there with him. Even if he had asked her, her mother would never let her go. It had been easy enough for Bruce to say that he'd get around Mom some way. *Doing* it was a different matter.

Salvatore's booming voice called up the stairs.

"Connie! Come here a minute!"

She hastily stuffed Bruce's notes back in her bag and hurried down. Salvatore's stocky figure was waiting for her in the hallway.

"There's someone to see you, Connie." He motioned toward the living room. "He's in there."

It must be Bruce. It couldn't be anyone else. Half her mind raced to greet him. Half hung back, clinging to the sounds in the kitchen where Mom was baking *cannoli* for the week end. A sudden, unusual shyness gripped her as she walked slowly into the room.

"Hello, Bruce," was all she managed to say.

"Hello, Connie." He came toward her smiling. "I came to meet your mother."

Connie was panicky. "She's busy—baking for the week end."

Salvatore, behind Connie, said, "It won't hurt to call her away from her work for a little while. I'll go and get her."

Before she could answer, Salvatore was gone. He came back with Mom, apron and all, her hair curly and her face flushed from the hot kitchen. She searched Bruce's face with frank curiosity. Although she said nothing, Connie could almost hear her thinking: So

this is the boy from up there, Bruce Wheel'.

Connie was pleased at the poise with which Bruce took Mom's penetrating analysis of him. When Mom finally held out her hand, Bruce took it eagerly and smiled at her. Connie saw her mother soften.

"You take off your coat," Mom invited. "You catch cold maybe, if you don't."

"I only came over to wish you a merry Christmas, Mrs. Ciminelli," Bruce explained. "I've been wanting to meet you for a long time." He took a package from his overcoat pocket and held it out. "I hope you won't mind that I brought you a small gift."

Mom stepped back a little. "A gift? For me?"

Salvatore pushed her toward Bruce. "Don't be bashful, Mom. Open it and let's see your present."

Mom slowly accepted the gift. "It is too pretty to open." But with more persuasion from Salvatore, she undid the bows and slipped off the paper. It was a shimmering, colorful silk scarf, a big one that opened out about a yard and a half square.

Mom's eyes traveled hungrily over the mellow reds, blues, and yellows of the design, and she let out an instinctive, "Ahl!" She caught up the scarf, folded it into a triangle and tied it over her head. Her work-roughened hands smoothed the fringe, as she crooned to herself like a delighted child, "It is beautiful. Beautiful."

"From Europe, yes?" she asked Bruce. He nodded.

"The colors, the material, even the size is right. Since I left Italy, I never see a scarf so beautiful." She took it off and lovingly folded it back in the box.

"But it is too much for you to give me, Bruce Wheel'."

"No," Bruce said. "My mother brought several from Florence, and she said I could give you this one."

"Your mother let you give it to me?" The idea seemed to touch Mom. "All right," she agreed impulsively. "I will keep it, and when I wear it I will think what a nice boy you are to give me this shawl."

Bruce stepped closer to her. "Mrs. Ciminelli, will you let Connie drive out with me to my family's summer home at Whitewood Lake to get some Christmas greens for Daystar?"

Mom looked up into his face for a long moment before she answered. "Last week—yesterday—I say no. Today you come here to bring me a shawl from Europe. You show me that we are not so far apart, after all." She pointed to her head. "In here something say it is better for Connie to go with Italian boy." She looked over at Connie. "Then I see my Connie's eyes asking me to let her go because she likes you so much." She pointed to her heart. "In here something say it is all right. Bruce Wheel', he's a nice boy."

CONNIE could not remember when she had ever had so much fun. Whitewood Lake, frozen and almost snowed in, was a winter fairyland. She and Bruce clipped five huge baskets of greens. Then they put the greens in the station wagon and raced across the snow toward the barbecue, a cabinlike structure the Wheelers used for picnicking in summer.

Bruce built a fire in the fireplace and served lunch on tin trays with all the flourish of a chef at the Waldorf. Connie had never known he could be so bubbling over with good spirits and jokes.

When they had finished eating and were watching the fire shoot colored flames up the chimney, Connie asked, "Bruce, how did you know that the one thing in the world which would please my mother was that shawl?"

He poked the live coals under the logs. "When you need to know something because it means a lot to you, Connie, you can usually find out."

She wanted to question him further, but that unaccountable shyness which sometimes seemed to come over her in Bruce's presence stopped her now.

She was sorry when the fire died down and it was time to leave. It was blowing up colder as they ran back to the station wagon. Bruce fixed the baskets so they wouldn't rattle (*Continued on page 43*)

THE STORY SO FAR

"Is it fair to become friendly with Connie Ciminelli when you know she won't be accepted by your country-club crowd?" Austin Bennett asked his daughter Gail, when he forbade her to drive to Pontatuck, the Italian section of Northport. To keep Connie's friendship, Gail launched Daystar, a youth center, where all students could get together. Vito Dodona, embittered by real and fancied slights, created an ugly scene by declaring he had overheard Austin Bennett say he did not want his daughter to associate with anyone from Pontatuck. Salvatore Ciminelli made a house available and Gail, as chairman, appointed one Pontatuck and one Northport boy and girl on each Daystar committee. Working together to prepare for a Thanksgiving housewarming, Connie and Bruce Wheeler, son of an old Yankee family, became friends, but Connie's mother wanted her to go out only with Pontatuck boys. The Daystar party was a huge success, except for catty jibes at Connie by Lisbeth Mallory, Bruce's former girl friend, and Gail's spirited defense which caused her friend Doug to remark, "Lis will never rest till she gets even with you for a crack like that."

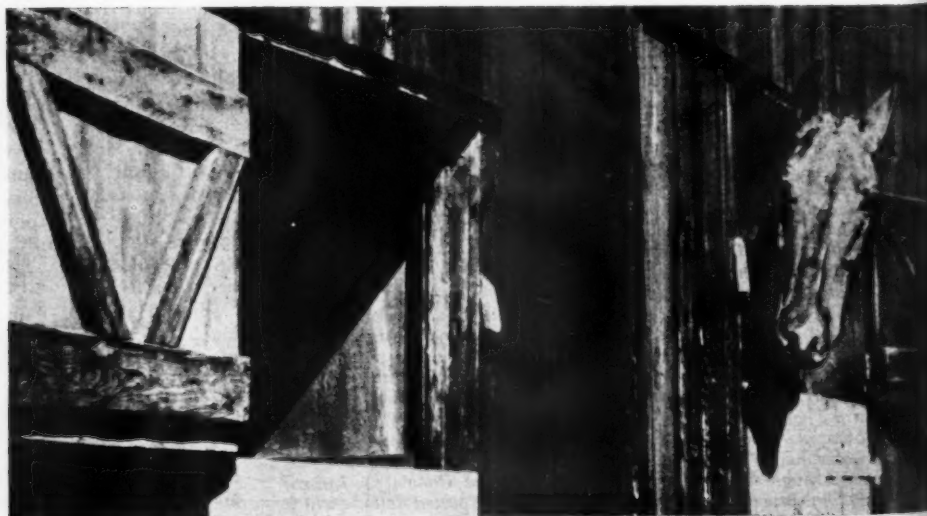
Campus Zoo



"Tell him I'll be
down in a jiffy"

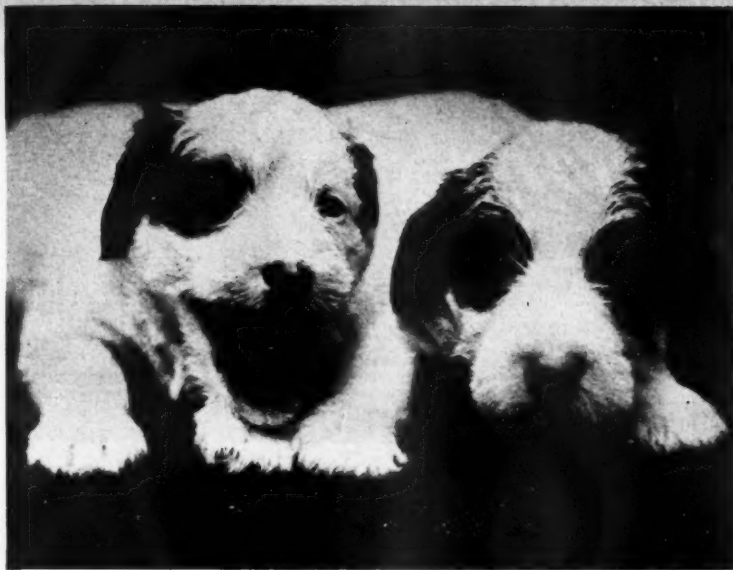


"Hey, Beamish, lemme borrow your history notes."



"Well, how do you like that? I hope he flunks!"

FROM "CAMPUS ZOO," PUBLISHED
BY DOUBLEDAY AND COMPANY. COPY-
RIGHT, 1980, BY CLARE BARNES, JR.



B+ and D—



Gym Class



"Gee, am I pooped!"



Graduation Day exercises

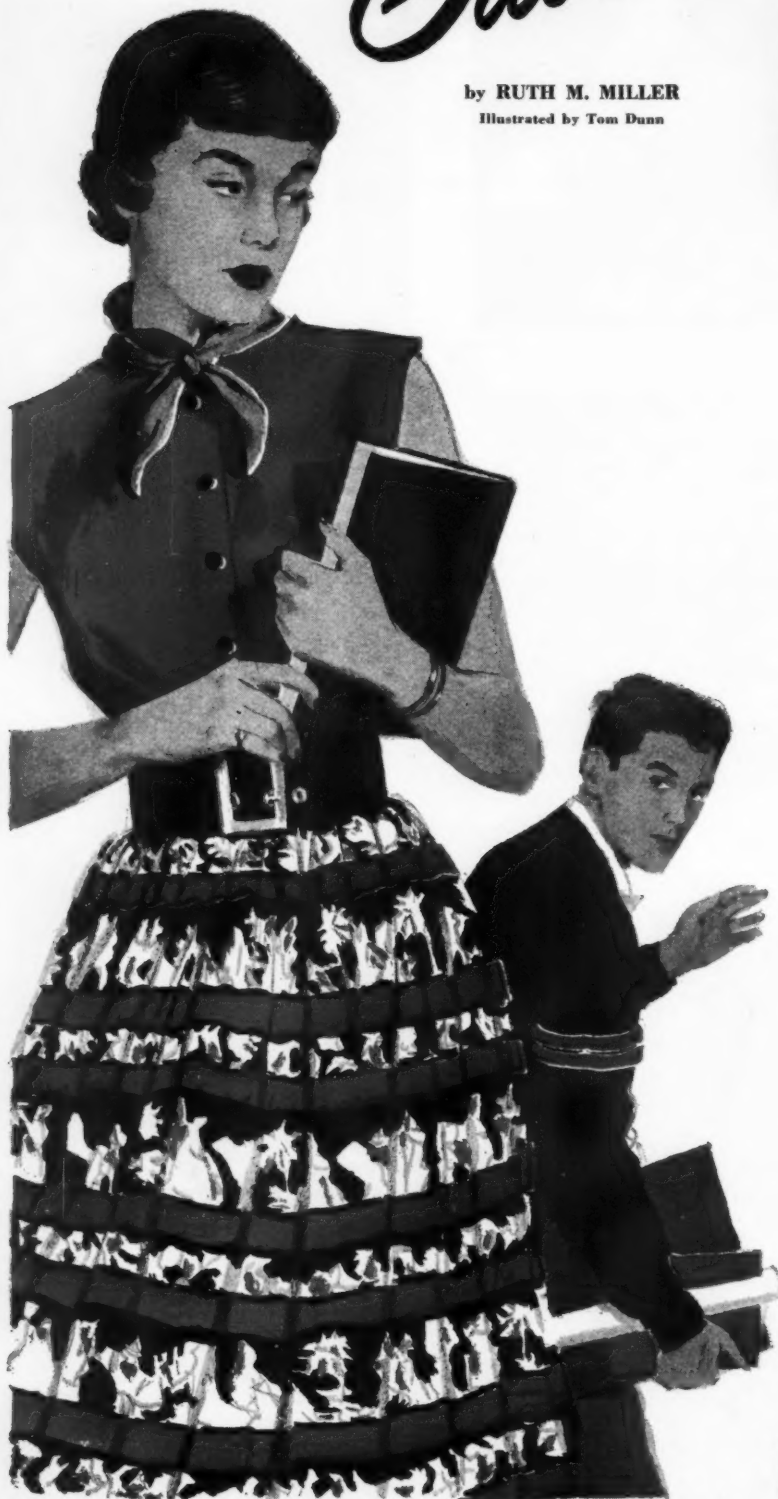


Dramat Club rehearsing the witches from "Macbeth"

the Gavel

by RUTH M. MILLER

Illustrated by Tom Dunn



IT WAS unseasonably hot for the beginning of June and Lois Williams, racing around between classes to tell the nine members of the executive committee about the special meeting to be held, felt more like going swimming. But being president of the Junior Auxiliary at the Community House was a responsibility she had always taken seriously.

She looked at her watch. Classes began in three minutes. Walt was the only one of the nine she hadn't seen. If he wasn't in his Lit class she wouldn't have another opportunity to let him know in time.

She hurried into the room and looked quickly around for the familiar red hair. There he was at the back of the room, his head bent low over a book.

Lois smiled. She couldn't help it. She felt that way every time she saw Walt. He was so square and yet so easy-going that—well—there was no one quite like him.

She walked up and tapped him on the shoulder and watched his expression change from surprise to a friendly grin.

"What's up?" he asked.

She explained hurriedly about the special meeting that she was calling for four o'clock that afternoon.

"Well, I'll try, Lois," Walter told her when she had finished, "but I don't think I can make it. I have to do some work at the library. Exams, you know."

"You can work afterward, Walt. This is important." She looked at her watch. "I've got to run. Please don't disappoint me."

As she hurried to class, she made a few mental notes about the matters to be discussed. She must remind the nominating committee to have a slate of officers to announce at the general meeting tomorrow night, when election would be held. She and the other officers had been chosen unanimously last year and, since

"Be seeing you," Walt said quietly. He tucked his books under his arm a little more snugly, waved casually, and ran quickly down the steps



Nobody loves a Managing Molly but it is hard to see yourself as others see you

she had been told often that the meetings and affairs had never been better run, she had little doubt that they all would be re-elected.

She tucked the box she was carrying more snugly under her arm. Then, despite her haste she couldn't resist lifting the cover for one peek at the polished wood of the gavel inside. Her mother had given it to her when she had been elected president. Mother knew how much she had wanted that office and had presented the gavel to her with a little speech about using it sparingly—to maintain harmony, not silence. They had laughed together and she had accepted the gavel proudly.

The meeting began at four with everyone present except Walt, who came in a few minutes late. The group was not very co-operative but finally, as usual, they voted to accept her proposals.

On the whole Lois felt satisfied with the meeting. The nominating committee had promised to be ready for tomorrow night, and her plans for the annual dance decorations and for the setting of a membership age minimum had been passed despite the many objections raised.

"See," she told Walt as they walked down the hall, "I told you that you would have time to go to the library. And I can finish my homework, too." She smiled gaily as they left the building. "So how about giving me a ring at six thirty tonight? Maybe we can do something?" Then not waiting for an answer she hurried on, "As long as Mary is waiting," she nodded to Mary Blake standing a few yards away, "I'll walk home with her instead of reading with you. You go ahead to the library so you can finish your work. I'll see you later."

Walt hesitated a moment, then quietly said, "So long," and got in his car.

Lois watched him a minute, then turned to Mary. It had almost seemed as though Walt were annoyed about something, but that was ridiculous, of course.

She and Mary (who had been her friend ever since she could remember) walked along in silence for several blocks. At last Mary spoke.

"You know," she began hesitantly, "when anything is brought up for a vote the club rarely disagrees with the executive committee."

Lois stared at her in a puzzled way.

Mary continued almost apologetically. "What I mean is that—usually—they take it for granted that the committee has discussed the matter fully and decided what is best."

"Well," Lois smiled at her affectionately, "isn't that exactly what the committee did?"

"I—don't know," Mary said. "I don't think they did. Even Walt seemed to disagree. Those elaborate decorations will take a lot of time to prepare, and it's so close to exams. But," Mary shrugged her shoulders, "your arguments are so logical, and that gavel always stops lengthy discussions."

Lois laughed. "That is its purpose. You're not concerned because Flossie is too young now for our age minimum, are you?"

Mary stared at the sidewalk. "Everyone likes Flossie, and we did tell her she could join in the fall."

"I like Flossie, too," Lois spoke decisively, "but setting a minimum age is for the good of the group, and when it's explained to Flossie she'll understand. It only means waiting another six months." They stopped before Lois' house.

Mary sighed. "I guess I'm being silly. You always do things right. I'm sure this was no exception." She smiled cheerfully. "Forget it. I'll see you tomorrow."

Lois shook her head in amused bewilderment as she walked around to the side door, unlocked it and went in. No one was home. She sat down at her desk at once to finish her homework before dinner.

BY SIX THIRTY her family had finished dinner, and Lois began to pile up the dishes hurriedly. Walt would be calling any minute and she wanted to be ready.

By a quarter to seven the table was cleared, but Walt still hadn't called. Lois checked her watch against both the kitchen clock and the one in the living room, then started to dry the dishes her mother had begun to wash.

She kept glancing at the kitchen clock. Walt must have been delayed. He wouldn't break a promise. He wasn't like the others. But her confidence was weakening. She looked at her watch again, then swiftly put her arm down—but it was too late. Mother had seen.

"I was expecting Walter Johnson to call," Lois explained quickly. "I told him to call me at six thirty."

Mrs. Williams dried her hands. "Don't you think," she spoke slowly, "he should have asked you when to call?"

"Mother," Lois smiled tolerantly, "nobody's that formal. Besides it takes Walt so long to make up his mind, and we were in a hurry."

"But people like to make their own decisions, dear, no matter how long it takes them."

Lois stared at her mother, then glanced quickly but covertly at the kitchen clock. Seven. There was no use pretending. Walt wasn't going to call. Walt was following Greg and Howard and Jimmy Lands. Only it couldn't be. It was—impossible.

She tried to make her voice light. "You know Walt, Mother. He probably started studying and forgot all about the time. Now that dishes are finished, I think I'll go for a walk. Seems a little cooler now."

She walked along for several blocks, arguing with herself, not noticing where she was going. Was Walt going to prove as inconsiderate as every other boy she had dated? No—she shook her head. There was no point fooling herself. Walt was the kindest, best-natured of all. (Continued on page 48)



Could be that life with
Mother—and with Father
—might be a lot of fun



parents are no problem

by GERMAINE HANEY

HOW ARE family relationships among the relations in your family? Mother, for instance? Is she having a good time bringing you up, or is she getting worry wrinkles? Maybe you could co-operate more.

First of all, how are you in the compliment department? If she's going out, do you tell her she looks pretty? You know how much it means to you when someone says, "My, but you certainly will wow the gang tonight in that super outfit!" Well, that thrill is something you don't outgrow, so you might try a word of praise on Mother. You'll give her a wonderful send-off.

What about restrictions? Every time she says you can't do something, do you make a noise like a wounded lion? Remember, she's just trying to protect you. If you think she's old-fashioned, why not try talking things over with her, instead of raging and wailing? She may be willing to compromise if you convince her that you have good reasons for your point of view.

Do her friends always see the best side of your disposition? Nothing will make your mother happier than to have you do her proud in front of her friends. So give her a chance to preen her feathers.

Does she get cross sometimes? Could be she's tired. Instead of feeling abused, how about lending a hand with the chores? Or showing a little understanding? You could offer to prepare dinner now and then. It isn't the work she *makes* you do that lightens Mother's job—it's the little things you *volunteer* to do.

Do you have fun talking together? Or does she get only yes and no out of you? How about telling her what goes on in your life? How about showing some interest in

what she's doing? Of course she wants to know all about that new boy in school. And she may be just dying to tell somebody what *they* said about her new hat. Many mother-daughter teams are really strangers because they never talk.

Naturally you want somebody your own age for your bosom pal. Just the same, a girl's best friend should be her mother. But how about Mother? Who's her best friend? It ought to be YOU.

WHAT'S the situation with Father? Are sparks flying all the time, or are you real pals? Remember, fathers enjoy being treated like the human beings they are. A little thoughtfulness on your part can make life a lot happier for that man.

Yes, here we go right smack into the compliment deal again. Father likes a kind word now and then. That new necktie, for instance—did you tell him it looked nice? Do you sincerely say kind things to your dad, day in and day out, or do you just butter him up when you want something? Have a heart! The man likes a bit of appreciation for his own sake, not just for his handouts.

Do you have a little respect for his pocket-book? The next time you start coaxing for some expensive "extra," sit down and figure out just how long Father will have to toil in order to pay for it. In most cases, everything a family owns is obtained through his hard work. So don't make him keep his nose constantly pressed against the grindstone.

Do you brush off his advice? He offers it because he's interested in you and he is responsible for you. Maybe his angle is worth listening to. Why not give him an open ear and an open mind? Could be he'll save you headaches. (Continued on page 45)



OUTDOOR COOKERY

Food flavored with wood smoke and sunshine—appetites pepped up by brisk exercise—it's fun to eat outdoors!

AERICAN GIRL readers everywhere seem to use and love the same outdoor recipes, and to have a keen interest in camping out. Many girls say that they learned of their favorite recipe through their Girl Scout troop and use it often on hikes, picnics, and camping trips.

Quite a few of the recipes selected call for canned foods and packaged mixes. Using these when cooking outdoors seems desirable, as they are easier to tote, generally foolproof, and quicker.

Cooking times may vary somewhat from those given in the recipes. The time depends so much on the kind of fire, the size of it, and whether you need to wait for a bed of coals. So use your own good judgment as to when the food is ready to eat. Then go to it—and enjoy yourself! Nothing ever tastes so good as food well cooked out of doors. But be sure you follow all safety precautions around your campfire.

The Recipe Exchange for September is now open, and the subject is "Punches and Party Drinks." It should be fun trying out your favorites to send in to us. Maybe you have a "special" you have concocted yourself which your gang adores. Remember all entries must reach us by June 20th.

INDIAN SUCCOTASH

Nancy's Girl Scout troop makes this dish on a cook-out. It's quick, easy, and mighty hearty. Other canned vegetables, such as peas or Lima beans, can be added as stretchers.

1/4 pound bacon
(4 or 5 strips)
1/2 green pepper
Salt and pepper to taste

1 #2 can tomatoes
1 #2 can cream-style corn

Dice bacon and cook in large frying pan until partly done. Slice green pepper, add to bacon, and continue cooking until pepper is tender and bacon is crisp.

Conducted by JUDITH MILLER

Drawing by Kelly Oechsli

Add tomatoes and corn. Cook until mixture thickens slightly, about 20 minutes. Serve hot on bread or toast. Serves 6.

Sent by

NANCY WHITCOMBE, Dixon, Illinois

QUICK IRISH STEW

This is a hearty main dish and the whole gang can get into the act with the stirring. Be sure you use a long-handled spoon, or wrists and faces will get scorched. Long, slow cooking after adding vegetables blends the flavors.

12 medium potatoes
(about 3 pounds)
peeled and diced
4 medium onions,
thinly sliced
2 tablespoons
shortening

1 1/2 pounds ground
lamb
1 #2 can carrots
1 #2 can peas
Salt and pepper
to taste

Place potatoes in a large pot with water to cover. Cover and cook until tender, from 20 to 30 minutes. Meanwhile, melt shortening in a frying pan, and brown onions. Add the meat, breaking up with a spoon, and cook until brown. Drain the potatoes when tender, and add the meat, onions, peas, and carrots. Cook over a slow fire until the stew is thoroughly heated, stirring often. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Serves 8 to 10.

Sent by ROSALAND DECK,
Gettysburg, South Dakota

AMERICAN CHICKEN CHOP SUEY

Canned chicken may be used, if preferred. To speed things up, the chicken, celery, and rice can be cooked at home, and then all ingredients combined at your outdoor cooking site. In this way you'll need only about 20 minutes to prepare this delicious treat.

2 cups cooked chicken
1 cup cooked celery
1 1/2 cups cooked rice
1 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups chicken stock, or chicken bouillon

1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon shortening
2 tablespoons flour

Cut chicken and celery into thin strips. Combine with the rice, salt, and pepper. Melt shortening in a large frying pan, add flour and stir. Add chicken stock slowly, and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add chicken and rice mixture; heat thoroughly. If desired, 1 cup of cooked or canned mushrooms may be added. Serves 6.

Sent by

JANE NORDBERG, Auburn, Massachusetts

CAMPERS' DELIGHT

Another quick main dish, that's almost impossible to overcook or spoil, and so is fine for beginners. The tantalizing cooking odors will tempt even the most delicate appetite. Take a long spoon, too, so everyone can take turns stirring.

1 pound precooked
ham, diced
1/2 pound bacon
(8 or 9 strips)
1 #3 can tomatoes

1 #2 can Lima beans
1 #1 can mushrooms
1 #2 can spaghetti
Salt and pepper to
taste

Dice bacon and fry in large skillet until crisp. Pour off fat, leaving about two tablespoonfuls in the skillet. Add diced ham and brown lightly. Turn into a large kettle with remaining ingredients, and heat through, stirring frequently. Season to taste with salt and pepper. You may not need to add salt, since both the ham and bacon may be quite salty. Serve over toast. Serves 8.

Sent by

LOUISE FRY, Midland, Michigan

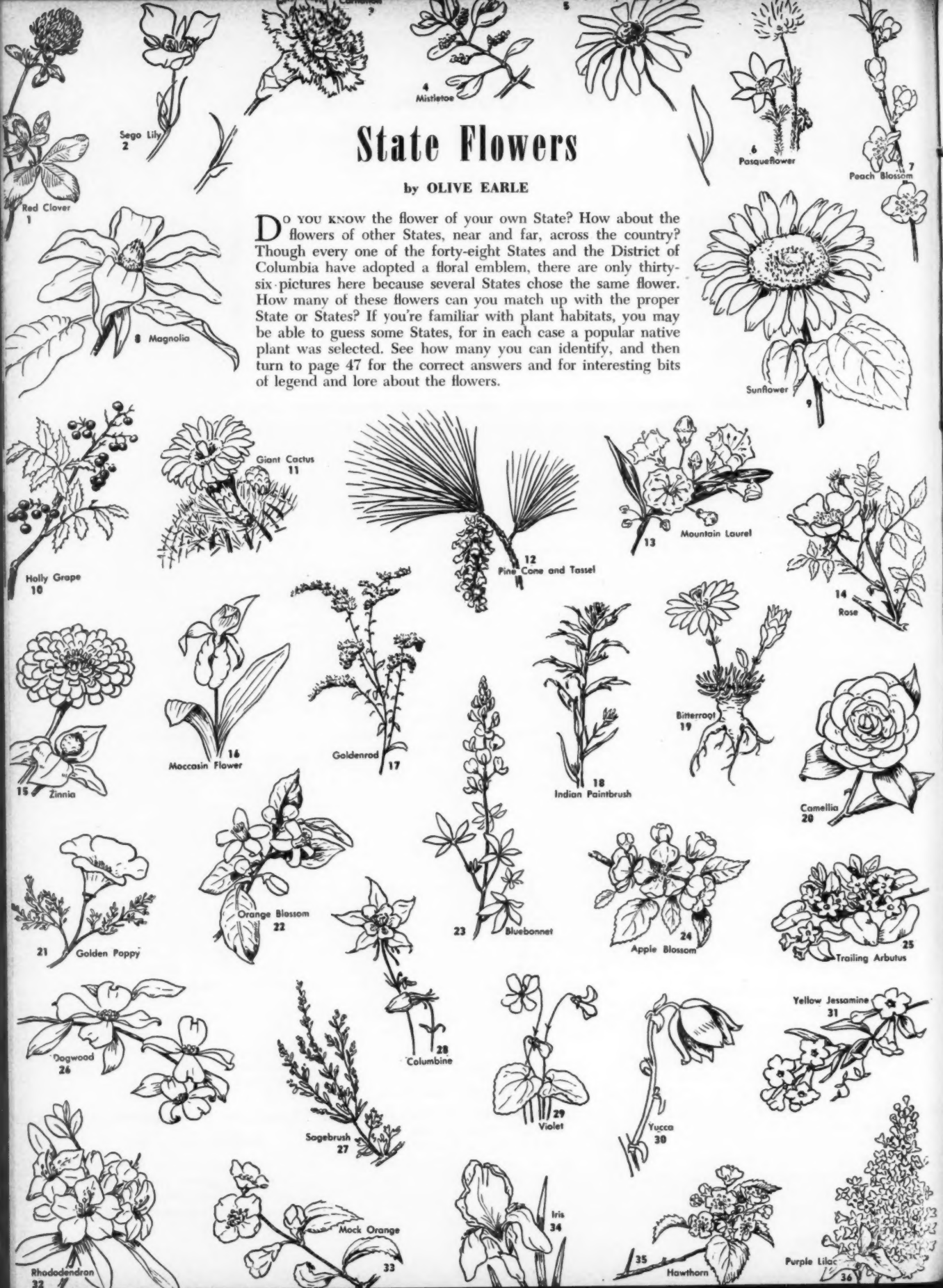
HAMBURGER ROLL-UPS

Aluminum foil is a great boon to outdoor cooks. No greasy pots or pans, or even serving plates, to wash. In place of the hamburger, (Continued on page 33)

State Flowers

by OLIVE EARLE

DO YOU KNOW the flower of your own State? How about the flowers of other States, near and far, across the country? Though every one of the forty-eight States and the District of Columbia have adopted a floral emblem, there are only thirty-six pictures here because several States chose the same flower. How many of these flowers can you match up with the proper State or States? If you're familiar with plant habitats, you may be able to guess some States, for in each case a popular native plant was selected. See how many you can identify, and then turn to page 47 for the correct answers and for interesting bits of legend and lore about the flowers.





PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH M. BAXTER

For cycling and sports, we've selected as our June "Prize Purchase" the classic shorts you'll play in all summer. Well tailored in sturdy Pepperel gabardine, with two slash pockets and cuffed legs, they zip neatly up the back. Active Sportswear designed them to look trim, fit smoothly, and to take all the hard wear you can give them. All colors are vat dyed. You will find them at a value price just under \$2 in teen sizes 10-16, at the stores listed on page 49

SHOWN WITH COTTON T SHIRT BY SHEPHERD; SOFT SHOES BY CAPEZIO; STRAW BASKETS FROM THE PAN AMERICAN SHOP; BICYCLE BY MONARCH SILVER KING, INC.

Copper-riveted denim dungarees have a gay pocket trim. \$3.75. They're shown with a striped basque shirt. \$1.15. Both come in teen sizes at Strawbridge and Clothier, Philadelphia; many other Girl Scout Equipment Agencies

Short-notice cardigan, an all purpose sweater-jacket with short sleeves, is by Hi-Girl. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$6 at Saks Fifth Ave., New York City

Folk-dance shoe of glove leather has a neolite sole and heel. By Capezio, sizes 4½-8, about \$5. At Famous-Barr, St. Louis



Baseball's in the air—vacation's

just around the corner—and it's time to look for new summer play-

clothes. Here they are—classic and well tailored or pretty and

soft, but above all practical for your rough-and-ready sports life



Shepherd's shirt has a diamond-patterned yoke and visor cap. Both about \$3. Matching short-sleeved cardigan also about \$3 at Bamberger's, Newark; Bloomingdale's, New York City, Stix Baer & Fuller, St. Louis. Small, medium, large

Touraine tailors these boy shorts, completely reversible. Denim on one side, plaid on the other. About \$3. And a matching halter bra, about \$2. Both in teen sizes 10-16 at Chandler's, Boston; Thalheimer's, Richmond



Stripes go round the shorts and skirt of Berk's playsuit. Topping it, a weskit the color of one stripe. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$13, at Halle's, Cleveland; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.

Set for summer



Crisp chambray playsuit has cool cap sleeves and button front. In teen sizes, it's only \$1.95 at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; and many other Girl Scout Equipment Agencies



Sturdy Mexican sandals of tooled cowhide stripping are \$3 at Pan American Shop, 822 Lexington Ave., New York City. Sizes 4-9

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH N. BAXTER

Come on in!



The water's fine! And you can really enjoy it when you're wearing a bathing suit that's as comfortable as it is attractive. One-piece or two-piece, printed or plain, those shown here are "suited" for swimming

Checked gingham takes to the water in T.A.B.'s trim two-piece bathing suit. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$6 at B. Altman, New York City; The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.



Jantzen's knitted swim suit has brief trunks, separate two-way bra top. Sizes 9-15 for teens, it's about \$8 at D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; Gimbel's, Pittsburgh

Handler uses chintz in a one-piece suit with shirred front and halter tie. About \$6, in teen sizes 9-15 at Shillito's, Cincinnati; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn

Drawing by Hilda Glasgow

A BIG RED circle around a date on your calendar may mean an important party, a school dance, or your first date with HIM. But, whatever the coming event, on that day you will want to look your best.

Maybe you've talked Mother into a brand-new dress for the occasion. How about a new *you* to go with it? Could your hair be shinier, your complexion clearer, your hands smoother? Would your party dress be more becoming if you stood tall and straight?

There's nothing like hearing, "Gee, you look pretty!" to make you feel as good as you look. Don't cheat yourself of compliments by being a wait-till-the-last-minute girl.

She's the girl who never looks all-of-a-piece, whose slip shows, whose shoulder straps won't stay in place. She's the girl who keeps her date waiting while she looks frantically for a missing earring or a pair of stockings without a run.

You can be calm and cool and collect pretty compliments on that red-letter day if you follow the Party Preparation Plan.

But your Cinderella act can't be done in a day, for you'll have to be your own fairy godmother and make yourself party pretty.

Here's a convenient guide for checking up ahead of time on what you need to do in addition to your everyday good-looks, good-grooming program.

The Week Before

Make a list of things to do. Be sure you have included all the following essentials:

Clothes Checkup: Lay out everything you're going to wear (from the skin out) and check for laundering, dry cleaning, necessary repairs. If you plan to buy anything new, do it early to allow time for alterations or exchanges. If you buy new shoes, wear them around the house to break them in. Be sure you have appropriate jewelry and accessories, too.

Hairdo Line-Up: If you need a trim, make the date ahead of time, but don't be tempted to try a radically different style. If your hair behaves better several days after it has been washed, schedule the time for a shampoo and set accordingly. Give yourself a hot-oil treatment if your hair has been looking dry and dull.

Complexion Brushup: Extra-thorough cleansing of your face and neck every night is good insurance against last minute "spots." (Continued on page 45)



by MARGARET BELL

Drawings by Clare McCanna

Are you a hit or a miss at a party? Why not learn to plan ahead and be party prepared?



9017: The bra top and shorts make this a cool, practical playsuit, and the buttoned and tie-on skirt slips on in a wink. Sizes 8-14. In size 10, the three pieces will take $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35" fabric

9008: Checked gingham is ideal for this bathing-suit ensemble—bra top with bows, shorts with more bows, sleeveless jacket with pockets. Sizes 12-20. The three, in 16, take 4 yards 35" fabric

4788: Choose poplin or cotton broadcloth for this casual frock in sizes 10-16. The becoming round neck and side-buttoning give that just-right air. Size 12 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35" material

4579: The full skirt and ruffled blouse are easy to make, and you can mix or match them in colors and materials. Sizes 11-17. In 13, the skirt takes $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35" fabric, blouse $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards

9144: This pattern, designed for sizes 10-16, can be made as a sundress, or in a ballet length with push-up sleeves. Size 12 takes $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 35" material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards same width for contrast

9403: A versatile pattern for sizes 11-17, equally flattering in brisk, striped chambray, or, for that special occasion, in dainty eyelet embroidery. It takes $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35" material for size 13



These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering enclose 25¢ for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For clip-out order blank, please turn to page 26.

Each Pattern 25c



4579



9144



9403

ROOM SERVICE

by MARY ELOISE STONE

Drawing by Jo Berry



MOTHER, have you seen my—?" is heard so frequently this time of year that it may soon make the Hit Parade. Even if this ditty isn't your theme song and you never lose time searching for a sock or an algebra paper, the bright spring sunshine has a way of making anyone's room suddenly appear dingy and drab.

A spring cleaning is the answer, of course. But before you groan at the thought, consider the benefits of doing the job yourself. For instance, anyone else is liable to think half your treasures pure junk, and out they'll go. Then, too, you know how a little straightening up by another person can hide your prized possessions for a month. Be smart, then, and earn yourself an easy halo by setting aside next Saturday to give your bedroom "the works."

You might start with your desk. For one thing, in exploring the depths you're quite likely to discover at least part of the answer to the question of what happens to your allowance. Just the number of half-empty boxes of reinforcements, paper clips, and rubber bands concealed there can be amazing. Why not gather together enough of these necessities to fill a set of boxes for yourself, and then make your little sister happy with the remainder—along with all the stubby pencil ends? If you've lost the original containers, use plastic bobby-pin cases or safety-match boxes covered with fancy paper. Incidentally, a few giant paper clips and cardboard folders will keep newspaper clippings and souvenirs together until you can paste them in your scrapbook. Remember, too, that the wastebasket's your desk's best friend. The effect of the most thorough cleaning won't last unless you feed the basket regularly.

As a matter of fact, many of the small articles which tend to become scattered and lost on desk tops would be easier to find if housed inside. For instance, when the drawers are washed, a long, narrow candy box placed inside the top drawer would be fine for pencils and pens, with crayons, eraser, ruler, and notebook paper alongside. Your latest scrapbook and photograph album would be handy in the middle drawer. And keep less frequently

used items in the bottom drawers where they'll be out of the way, yet handy when you need them.

An uncluttered dresser or dressing table is a joy to look at and a joy to dust—no picking up and knocking over small knickknacks every time. Why not enjoy the spruced-up look plus the convenience?

The shallow top drawers of your dresser are made to hold just the variety of odds and ends that accumulate without your realizing it. When you've sorted out broken trinkets and empty nail-polish bottles, arrange your small possessions in sectioned, plastic trays or in little cardboard boxes. Then fit these into the drawers, settling on space for gloves, hankies, and jewelry in one; hair equipment, such as brush, comb, and curlers, in another. Save a corner, of course, for lipstick, powder, and manicure set. You'll be amazed to find how easy it is to keep these small items in order once you have a system.

The deep drawers, too, can be organized for speed in both dressing and housekeeping. After cleaning and lining the drawers with shelf paper, try placing pajamas at one end, slips next, then panties, bras, and finally, your girdle or garter belt. Chances are that you can skip much of the pre-date scramble next time you're late—and it'll be a cinch to take stock of your clean undies.

IF YOU wear nylons, you know they must be pampered even inside the bureau. Rubbing against rough surfaces means ugly snagging, and a snag can so easily become a run. A homemade hosiery case which looks like a one-row shoe bag, thumbtacked to the inner side of a dresser drawer along the top edge, takes up practically no space while guarding six pairs of stockings or ankle socks.

The case is easy to make and inexpensive since it requires only a quarter yard of thirty-six-inch, sturdy cotton material such as gingham or chintz, plus a package of bias binding, and matching thread.

First, measure four inches on the selvage edge of the material. Snip with scissors and tear straight across the entire width to make (Continued on page 37)



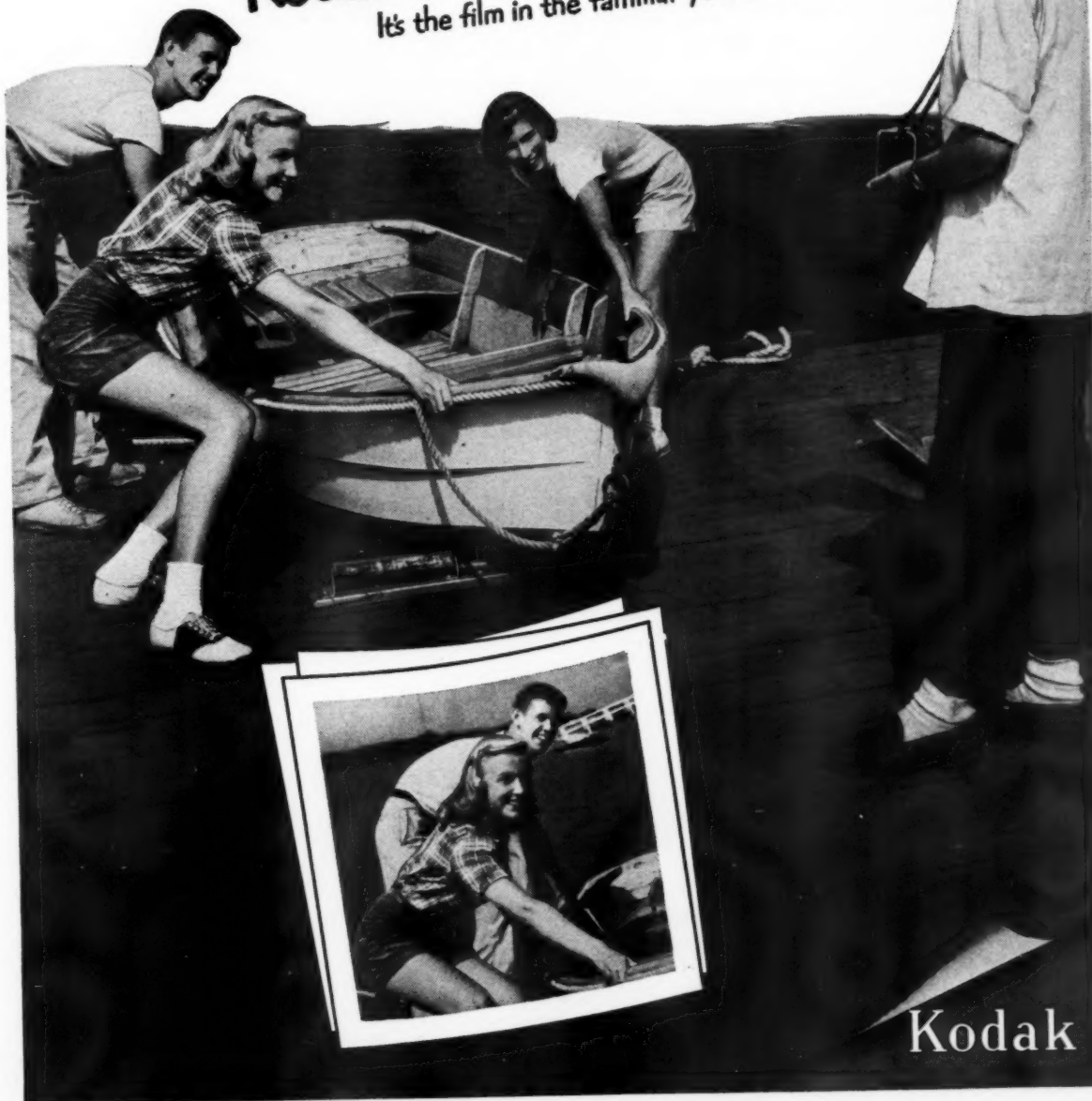
"Over with the dinghy,
I'll get a snap!"

This is the kind of picture that's always
great to have—a reminder of another swell time with the gang. It's the kind everyone
wants—the kind everyone gets a kick out of. Pictures are always
fun to take—fun to be in—fun to look at over and over.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.



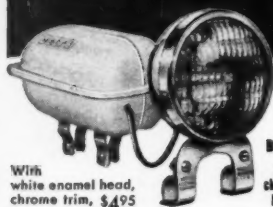
Kodak Film gets the picture.
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LIGHT
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Sizes ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ 18 ☐ 20
- ☐ 4788—Side-Buttoned Dress
Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16
- ☐ 4579—Circle Skirt and Blouse
Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17
- ☐ 9144—Dress with Square Collar
Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16
- ☐ 9403—Dress with Square Neck
Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17

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TEEN SHOP talk

City and country garden enthusiasts, take note! These eight gardening gadgets are helpful, economical, and fun to use. You can buy each one for less than \$3!



Even if you're not a
beginner, "Learning to
Garden" by Olive Mason
Gunnison is a good, over-all
book with helpful hints for
the would-be gardener. It's
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618 Madison Ave., New York City 21

The green-thumb garden glove
has a plastic coating that keeps
dirt out but lets air in.

Only 95¢ a pair at Goldfarb's,
160 East 57 St., New York City 22



Bright steel hand trowel and fork with
natural-wood handles are just \$1 a pair at
Goldfarb's, 160 East 57 St., New York City 22

For window boxes—a brass tool with spade at
one end, rake at the other. \$1 at Peter
Henderson, 35 Cortlandt St., New York City 7

talk

by JONNI BURKE

It's easy to vary floral arrangements with sectional pin holders. \$1.50 at Max Schling, 618 Madison Ave., New York City 21



Wik-fed flowerpots end daily plant watering. Plants soak up water from the base as needed.

\$1.19 at Peter Henderson, 35 Cortlandt St., New York City 7



Black plastic Scare Cats with luminous eyes frighten birds away from seedlings.

At Stumpp & Walter, 132 Church St., New York City 7, they come two in a pack for 98c

Like to avoid thorn pricks? Then use this flower cutter with a long arm. It's made of aluminum and steel. \$2.95 at Stumpp & Walter, 132 Church St., New York City 7

Please order items direct from stores listed and mention The American Girl

Bathing Beauty 1950



\$4.50

Swish in style, sleek in line, heavenly in fit... The swim suit that crowns you—queen of the waves!

Dashing princess style in aqua green. Trefoil weave, white rickrack. 50% wool, 50% cotton. Sizes 8-12 straight style, 14-18 with bra top. 8-164a

Girl Scouts, U.S.A., Natl. Equip. Serv.

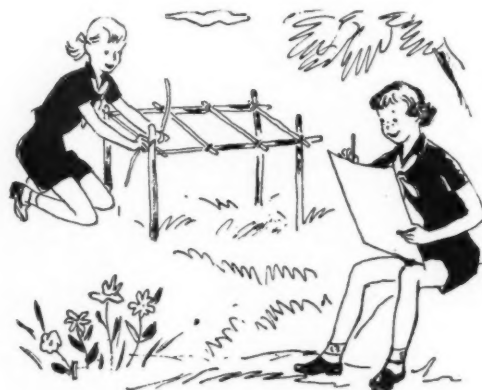
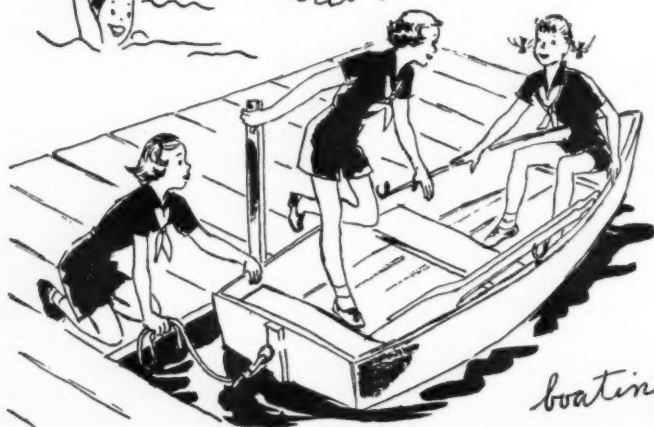
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Enclosed is my check ☐ M.O. ☐ for \$...
Please send me 8-164a Bathing Beauty
Swim Suit, size

Name
Street
City..... Zone..... State.....

We're off to Camp!

by ROSALIE CAMPBELL



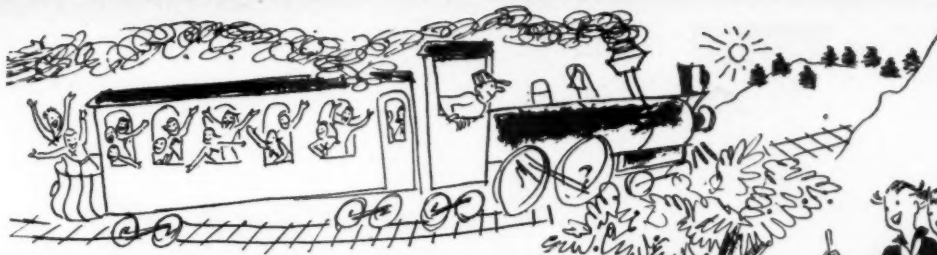
THESE ARE NO in-between feelings about camping. Unless you're a parlor violet who shrinks at the thought of a picnic or a tent, you love it. And practically all Girl Scouts love it. You might almost say that Scouting is camping, for nature and the out-of-doors and camping have always played a star role in the Girl Scout program.

Girl Scouts find that any kind of camping is fun. Last year well over a quarter of a million of them went camping. Many thousands spent a week, two weeks, perhaps a month or more at an established camp. Many had a happy time at Girl Scout day camps. Some went troop camping with their leaders. Quite a few older, experienced campers took trips, starting out from their own communities or from an established camp. Other girls went camping with their families, at private camps, at hostels, at campsites in State or national parks. Some were lucky enough to have several different kinds of camping experience. And there were probably many thousands more who would have loved to go camping and didn't have the opportunity.

So you want to go camping this summer? Already you are counting the days till school is over and the camping season begins. If you have your heart set on several weeks at an established camp or a season at day camp—and your family approves the idea—better get your application in early. (We hope it's in already if your camp accepts applications by this time.) Many Girl Scout camps are crowded; it's first come—first served, and you don't want to be one of those latecomers who gets the word, "Sorry—all filled up." And make sure you are in tiptop physical condition, for you must pass a physical examination before going to a Girl Scout camp.

Once your application has been accepted, you'll want to get together all the clothing and other equipment you'll need. Your camp will tell you what to bring.

If it's troop camping or trip camping you're looking forward to, you and your leaders have probably completed your plans by now. You haven't? Then better get going—



quick like a bunny. Takes time to get ready for good troop or trip camping. You have to think about your itinerary, your way of travel, food, equipment, camping skills, program of activities. The Girl Scout publications "Let's Go—Troop Camping!" and "The Trip Camp Book" will help you.

Trip camping is advanced camping, designed only for girls with considerable camping skill and experience. Older girls are discovering how much adventure it offers, and are going trip camping more and more—starting out with simple short trips and building up to longer, more exciting expeditions. This summer, a troop of Girl Scouts from Massachusetts is taking a bicycle trip through England. They have planned this trip for years and have prepared for it by taking trips in New England and up into Canada.

For family camping—well, you will just have to sell your family on the idea, unless they are already sold. And if you have had some previous Girl Scout camping experience, you will prove to be a most useful member of the party.

What you do at camp depends a lot upon the camp. If you're at a lake or the shore, your program may feature water-front activities—swimming, boating, canoeing, perhaps even sailing. For landlubbers, there may be cycling, hiking, exploring the countryside. What you do depends a lot, too, on you—your interests and your skills. Perhaps your favorite pastime will be weaving or basketry, jewelry-making or campcraft. If you're a nature girl, you may go in for bird walks, studying wild flowers or trees or rocks. Your most memorable moment at camp may be a simple farewell ceremony around the campfire; it may be a picnic lunch beside a rocky stream; it may be your first experience in tenting or sleeping under the stars.

Here's wishing you a happy camping summer. The whole outdoors is yours—just for the taking and the keeping. Remember to treat your trails and your campsites with respect, leaving every spot you visit in just as good if not better condition than you found it, so that the next comer may enjoy it too. That's good Scouting and good camping.

THE END



Drawings by S. Henning



Enell, Inc.

At Idlewild Airport, Girl Scouts of New York City deliver packages of food to the plane on which the packages were flown to Israel in time for the observance of Passover

❖ Ten thousand people attending a Girl Scout event really is a record to be proud of. And that was the attendance at the two-day Girl Scout Fair held in Dallas, Texas, this spring. The girls who took part in the fair, and showed their community what Girl Scouting stands for felt that the fair was a tremendous success, justifying all the careful planning and hard work which had gone into it. There were 150 booths, at which the girls demonstrated activities in each of the eleven program fields. They dressed dolls, which had been repaired by handicapped workers of Goodwill Industries, for distribution to needy children. A camping unit, with real tents and equipment, put on a realistic demonstration which fascinated the visitors. The Mariner Scout booth boasted a large motorboat, and a Wing Scout troop exhibited a trainer plane and showed aerial movies made by the Army and Navy. Every Girl Scout in Dallas, and every adult on the Girl Scout Council there, participated in one way or another to make the fair so successful that they are thinking of another to be held next year.

❖ The girls of Troop 2, of New Wilmington, Pennsylvania, have found that building a Senior program around Community Service and International Friendship can be a rewarding adventure. Perhaps their most outstanding activity in the past year has been one which took in both community service and

All Over

Here are some of the dolls exhibited in the Girl Scout booth at the Fairbanks, Alaska, Winter Carnival



international friendship. A Hungarian family arrived to make their home in the community, after having spent four years in a German concentration camp. An epidemic of measles had broken out on shipboard and the father and youngest boy had been held in quarantine in New York, leaving the mother, a teen-age girl, and another boy to go on to New Wilmington alone. They arrived just before Christmas—lonely, frightened, unable to speak English. When the Senior Girl Scouts heard about this family, they decided to take Christmas to them, using money which otherwise would have been spent for the exchange of Christmas gifts. A tree and lights for it were donated by people in the town, and the girls provided other decorations. From their treasury they voted to buy bed linen, and each girl brought canned food, sugar, flour, or other useful articles. A few days before Christmas the girls, with members of a community committee, took their gifts to the farm on which the newcomers were living. The teen-age girl in the new family could read English, but did not speak it well; however, with members of another Hungarian family acting as interpreters, she and the other members of her family joined with enthusiasm in setting up and trimming the tree. Then the whole group sang carols and enjoyed the hot chocolate and cookies brought by the girls. To complete the evening, the Hungarian teen-ager was asked to join the new Wilmington Senior Girl Scout troop and eagerly accepted the invitation.

the Map

More and more Girl Scouts everywhere are taking up radio broadcasting and have put on many successful programs. In Davenport, Iowa, Troop 15 broadcast a play over their local radio station in honor of Juliette Low's birthday and to publicize their activities in the field of International Friendship. All of the girls in the troop took part in the play, "Hands Across the Sea," which was written and directed by a member of the local Girl Scout Council. In the play the girls, as though attending a regular troop meeting, decided to begin work on the "Schoolmates Overseas" bags; then they brought out, in conversation with one another, the importance of the International Friendship program and read parts of actual letters which they had received from girls in other countries. The program began and closed with the singing of the "Chalet Song." This troop of twenty girls has already sent several cartons of schoolbags to children overseas and is collecting material for others.

At the Winter Carnival in Fairbanks, Alaska, an exhibit of international dolls was a feature of the Girl Scout booth, and turned out to be one of the major attractions of the carnival. In a series of scenes with backgrounds typical of each country, dolls dressed in the native costumes of fifteen foreign nations were displayed, together with a cutout of a Girl Guide or a Girl Scout in the country's official uniform, and the Girl Scout Promise written in the language of the country represented. The Fairbanks Girl Scouts planned and made the backgrounds for the display and dressed the dolls. On the afternoon of the exhibition, Brownie Scouts presented folk dances of the countries represented by the dolls. At the carnival the Senior Girl Scouts sold spudnuts and coffee (spudnuts, we are told, are something like a French doughnut, with the sugar put on while they are still warm) and raised \$275 for the Girl Scouts' camp fund.



In the studio of radio station WOC, girls of Troop 15, Davenport, Iowa, rehearse for a broadcast of their international friendship play, "Hands Across the Sea," in which all took part

Headline News in Girl Scouting

With Passover only a few weeks off, the Girl Scouts of Troop 3-135, in New York City, had to work against time when they decided to send food packages for the Passover observance to an encampment in Israel. An importing firm in New York generously donated the food, and an airline offered to fly the packages to Israel by cargo plane, without charge. The Girl Scouts helped in the packaging of the food, which included such things as matzos, Nya-fat, borsch, canned milk, and honey. With such co-operation, the project was carried through successfully, and the packages reached their destination in time for the holiday celebrations. After the girls had delivered the packages to the plane at Idlewild airfield, they were taken on a tour of New York City's great International Airport.

A recent week-end camping trip for Senior Girl Scouts and Explorer Boy Scouts at Camp Rockwood, Bethesda, Maryland, began as an experiment, and proved so successful that it is hoped to make it an annual affair. There were thirty-five people in the group which made the trip, including a nurse, Girl and Boy Scout leaders, Senior Girl Scouts, and Explorer Boy Scouts. They started out by bus from Piedmont, West Virginia, on Friday afternoon and reached Camp Rockwood, national Girl Scout camp, about ten o'clock that evening. Hot cocoa and doughnuts were waiting for them, and then the campers were directed to their respective troop camp units. On Saturday morning breakfast was cooked at the camp sites, and then the campers were taken in cars to the Naval Medical Center at Bethesda, where they were shown the different units of the hospital. From there they drove to the University of Maryland at College Park, lunched in the cafeteria as guests of the University, and were taken on a tour of the campus. Next stop was the Great Falls of the Potomac, which, with the river running full, were well worth the trip, especially as two naturalists from the National Park Service were on hand to show them the beauty spots of the area. By the time they returned to Camp Rockwood the weather had turned cold, so the planned cook-out was canceled, and hamburger-on-a-stick, walking salad, and some-mores were served indoors. In the evening a get-together was held in the ballroom of the manor house. Chickens were barbecued in front of the open fireplace, and after supper, games, square dancing, and singing finished off a full day. On Sunday morning Girl and Boy Scouts, with their leaders, attended church services, and then dinner was cooked in the separate camp units. After that came cleanup, and then all boarded the bus for the trip home, arriving back at eight in the evening. Co-operation among the various groups was excellent, and the members of the party were unanimous in declaring that they had had a wonderful time. Because of the experience gained on this experimental coed camping trip, the sponsors of it believe that the next one can be even more successful.

THE END



With real tents and equipment, a troop of Senior Girl Scouts gives a realistic demonstration of primitive camping skills at the very successful Girl Scout Fair held in Dallas, Texas

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Your Own Recipe Exchange

(Continued from page 15)

you may use fresh or frozen fish fillets, or tender serving-size pieces of frying chickens. For real glamour, add one or more sliced mushrooms to your roll-ups.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 sheet aluminum foil, 20" to 24" long | 1 medium potato, diced |
| 1 medium carrot, diced | 2 hamburger patties |
| | 1 small onion, minced |
| | Salt and pepper |

Spread the sheet of foil on a flat surface. In the center place the carrot and potato, and put the two hamburger patties on top. Sprinkle the onion over all, and season lightly. Bring the ends of the foil up over the food, and fold into a neat, airtight package. Be careful not to punch any holes in the foil; or the juices will run out and the food will burn. Roast directly on hot coals for at least 30 minutes. Remove from coals and open. The foil cools quickly, and can be used as a serving plate. Serves 1.

Sent by

ANN ALLISTRAND, Omaha, Nebraska

KABOBS PAPRIKA

Beef, providing it is tender, may be substituted for the veal or lamb. The marinade (oil and vinegar mixture) has a tenderizing effect, and gives mild-flavored meats like lamb or veal a piquant flavor.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1½ pounds veal or lamb shoulder, cut in 1" cubes | Dash pepper |
| 18 tiny white onions | 1 teaspoon paprika |
| ½ teaspoon salt | 1 clove garlic |
| | ½ cup salad oil |
| | 2 tablespoons vinegar |

Arrange 3 cubes of meat alternately with 3 whole onions on metal, wooden, or peeled green-stick skewers. Combine all other ingredients, and beat with a rotary beater until well-blended (or shake in a tightly sealed jar with a rubber ring). Pour into a shallow dish and place skewered meat in this mixture. Let stand for 2 hours, turning occasionally. Remove, and broil 20 minutes over hot coals, turning to brown on all sides. Serves 6.

Sent by

MARY GOODRICH, Huntsville, Texas

FRANKFURTERS CREOLE

It wouldn't be eating out-of-doors if you forgot your friend the frankfurter. So here's that old favorite in a new and fancy dish. You can cut down slightly on the cooking time if you like, but the slow cooking at the end blends the flavors.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| ¼ pound bacon (4 or 5 strips) | 1 stalk celery, minced |
| 1 medium onion, minced | 1 #2½ can tomato juice |
| 1 medium green pepper, minced | 1 pound frankfurters (8 or 9) cut in half crosswise |

Dice bacon and fry until crisp in large skillet. Add onion, pepper, and celery, and cook until brown. Add tomato juice and boil 15 minutes. Add frankfurters, and heat over a low fire for ½ hour longer. Serve with rice or potatoes. Serves 6.

Sent by

JANICE COMMON, Lyndhurst, New Jersey

SURPRISE-FLAVOR HAMBURGERS

These hamburgers could be eaten in a bun, but would be especially nice served on hot toast and eaten with a fork. In that way not a drop of the delicious sauce is lost.

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1½ pounds ground beef | ½ teaspoon dry mustard |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce |
| ¼ teaspoon pepper | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |
| ½ teaspoon paprika | |

Form meat into 6 round patties. Brown in large skillet on both sides, and cook till as well done as desired. Make a sauce by combining other ingredients. Remove meat to a hot platter; cut a deep gash in the top of each cake and fill with the sauce. Add 3 tablespoons hot water to drippings in skillet; stir to blend. Pour over meat. Serves 6.

Sent by

MARY DANNIE BAKER, Brevard, North Carolina

PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

This is a recipe which will tempt the patience of the cook, who must resist the temptation to peek, or the cake may fall. Be sure you have a fine bed of steadily glowing coals before you start, otherwise the cake will cook unevenly or burn.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 #2 can crushed pineapple | 1 tablespoon butter or margarine |
| 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed | 1 package white cake mix |
| 1 cup milk or water | |

Combine crushed pineapple and brown sugar. Melt shortening in bottom of heavy frying pan with close-fitting cover. Spread pineapple mixture evenly over bottom of pan. Mix cake batter as directed on package, and spoon carefully over pineapple. Cover tightly and bake slowly over coals for about 30 minutes, or until a toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Cut into 8 pieces before removing from pan. Remove and turn pineapple side up. Serve hot or cold. Serves 8 hungry girls. Sent by

LYDIA WALKER, Johnson City, New York

BANANA BOATS

Don't try to eat these until they've cooled slightly, or fingers will be burned. They are exceedingly rich, so perhaps one apiece would be enough.

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| 12 bananas | 24 marshmallows |
| 6 plain chocolate bars | |

Cut a slit about 3" long in one side of each unpeeled banana. Scoop out about 2 tablespoons of the pulp, taking care not to tear the skin. Tuck 2 marshmallows and ½ of a chocolate bar into each hollow, and pull skin back together. Cook over hot coals until marshmallows and chocolate are melted. Watch the bananas like a hawk, or they will burn. Makes 12 boats.

Sent by

ABBY WARREN, Grafton, Massachusetts
THE END

NOTE: Please turn to page 46 for next month's Recipe Exchange announcement.

If you don't already have your copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL Recipe File #19, "Let's Eat Outdoors," you'll want to order it now. You'll find in it many more recipes for tempting, easy-to-prepare dishes that you'll enjoy on picnics and camping trips. Send 6¢ in stamps and a large stamped, self-addressed envelope to The American Girl, Cookbook Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17.

Good Eating!

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and
THROUGH





SEARCY, ARKANSAS: As I was reading the article, *Symbol of Recovery*, I noticed Diny Meijerink's letter. It interested me because I have a partiality to Holland, for my great-grandfather came from there.

FRANCES JOHNS

GREYBULL, WYOMING: I enjoyed *A Feeling for Human Interest* and am counting on entering the Typical American Girl Painting contest. *On the Beauty Beam?* was really super.

DIANA SCHUTTE (age 11)

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA: Yesterday my girl friend brought me three copies of THE AMERICAN GIRL and I must say I find them interesting, especially the articles on Girl Guides (that's what we're called here). We haven't one teen-agers' magazine that I know of in Australia, although most women's magazines have a page or two for us.

To return to Guiding. During the Christmas holidays our company (4th Street Tilda) went camping to Guide House. This is situated in the country; there are several sites. There is also a lovely swimming pool in the grounds and a waterfall near by.

SHIRLEY R. PAGE

BLACKROCK, IRELAND: I find THE AMERICAN GIRL, which I get from my pen friend in Warsaw, very interesting. I am particularly interested in your fashions. We Irish girls love American clothes. Your recipe exchange is very useful; I get many hints from it for parties and teas. I liked *Middle Child*, and your new serial is exciting. THE AMERICAN GIRL has become quite popular over here now, as I lend it to my friends. I was very pleased to read about Sheila Connelly, on the cover of your March edition; it interested me very much.

AUDREY GREENE (age 15)

STAPLEFORD, ENGLAND: I enjoy reading your stories very much. I especially enjoyed your last continued one, *Garnet Lodge*, which was a real thrill. Your fashions are superb.

I am a Senior Girl Guide, and also a Pack Leader in the Brownies. *All Over the Map* is very good, as it shows what Girl Scouts and Guides do. Altogether, THE AMERICAN GIRL is a jolly good book. Keep it up!

MAVIS BEDNALL (age 16)

BUCKHAVEN, SCOTLAND: I have received THE AMERICAN GIRL for the last two months and I enjoy it very much. When I have finished it I lend it to my friends. They, too, like it. We especially like the department *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. We also like the stories and the beauty hints. We

never have a magazine like it in this country. I wish we did, because I think the cookery and *All Over the Map* help me to understand how the teen-agers cook and how they live. I am interested in the Girl Scout articles because I am a Girl Guide. I admire your dress patterns very much. It seems a pity they never have them in our books, because they seem so easy to make. We do have one thing I seldom see in your magazines; we have jumpers. I was reading *The Silent Oboe*; I liked it because it is so human.

BETTY HENDERSON (age 14)

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA: I just received my first issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL today, and I have devoured it from cover to cover.

Your stories are lovely; please run some more foreign ones like *Two Camels*. I also like the article on *Teen-Agers—French Style*.

I am in ninth grade here in an English school. I see you get letters from all over the world, and Argentina is no exception.

DEBORAH LARRABEE (age 11)

FORT WORTH, TEXAS: I am in the eighth grade at W. C. Stripling Junior High School. I think THE AMERICAN GIRL has been having the most interesting short stories I have read in a long time. I guess I am no different from any other Texan, because I love to talk, brag, and read about Texas. I would enjoy it very much if you would put an article on Texas in your magazine. I have talked this over with many of my friends and they all agree with me.

PHYLLIS POWELL (age 13)

We wish we could comply with everyone's wishes as promptly as this. You must have made yours on a star because there will be a Texas story, "Hi, Pardner!" in the July issue. Watch for it.—The Editors.

CLAUDE, TEXAS: I enjoy my AMERICAN GIRL magazine so much that I don't want to do the dishes after supper. I love to cook and I like your recipe exchange very much. I like your book suggestions. I am not a Girl Scout, but I still like to read about what the Girl Scouts are doing all around the world.

NANCY HOOD (age 9)

DARLINGTON, WISCONSIN: I just received my April issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL and I thought the cover was just super. I think your cover girl really is the average American girl. I thought your article on brothers was very good, because I have one four years older than I.

KAY NELSON (age 12)

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON: I would like to thank THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine for helping us put on the fashion show for Girl Scouts.

For the past two years, one of the big department stores here and THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine have put on a fashion show, to honor the Girl Scout birthday.

I have a pen pal in Wales and have found it much fun to write her.

ROBIN ANDERSON (age 14)

METAMORA, ILLINOIS: I think that your April cover is simply super. Let's have more stories like *Thirty Trips to Washington* and *Daystar*. I enjoyed them very much.

I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for almost two years. Two of my cousins take it, and we have an American Girl Club.

LINDA KERN (age 13)

EL DORADO, KANSAS: I am a boy twelve years old. I like to read your magazine because it has lots of good stories in it.

I especially liked *The Silent Oboe* in the March issue, as I play the oboe. I am first oboe in the senior-high band here. I also like *A Penny for Your Thoughts*.

I am always happy when my sister gets another issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

TONY GODDING (age 12)

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: I'd like to compliment you on your wonderful idea of having the Typical American Girl Paintings as covers. The painting by Earl Cordrey on the April issue certainly is beautiful.

Thirty Trips to Washington is one of the best stories I've ever read, and the ending made me feel all choked up inside.

Through your article *Play Ball!* I've finally learned the difference between softball and baseball. Won't you please have an article on some of the major league baseball teams?

I envy the girls I read about in *All Over the Map*, who took part in Operation Look-out. I'd love doing that sort of work.

MARION DELL (age 14)

OCONOMOWOC, WISCONSIN: Your cover on the April issue was perfectly divine! I think every girl who receives THE AMERICAN GIRL should compliment Earl Cordrey.

So far *Daystar* is very interesting. I have seen several cities as described in this story. The article *Play Ball!* was perfect.

ALMA STOELTING (age 13)

ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA: I enjoyed reading *Is There a Brother in Your Life?* I know just what it meant, because I have a brother. He is six years older than me, and I think I've got him tamed at last!

I liked your article on postmark collecting so much that I am starting a collection. Your fashions are very cute, and your choice of movies is very good.

My only complaint is that there aren't enough mysteries.

RAMONA RICKETTS (age 13)

LIVINGSTON, ALABAMA: *Daystar* is one of the best stories I have ever read, and I think you should have serious stories like it more often.

THE AMERICAN GIRL would be perfect if you had a section for original stories sent in by the readers. I think stories written by teen-agers are often better than those written by professionals. Especially if they are about teens.

KATHERINE TURK (age 13)

DECATUR, GEORGIA: I especially liked *Thirty Trips to Washington*. The patterns look good enough to eat. I also liked the recipes and jokes. I think THE AMERICAN GIRL is the best teen-age magazine ever.

ELEANOR FREEMAN (age 12)

PONTIAC, MICHIGAN: I think your new story *Daystar* is super. A *Feeling for Human Interest* is good, too, but your best story was *Thirty Trips to Washington*.

I liked the article about how to play softball, as it showed me a lot of things I didn't know before. Your pictures are very pretty, especially the picture of the girl on your April cover.

ROSE MACPHERSON (age 13)

WATFORD CITY, NORTH DAKOTA: I can't tell you how pleased I was when I noticed Earl Cordrey's picture of the Typical American Girl on the cover of my April AMERICAN GIRL. It is, in my opinion, the best cover you've had since I started taking the magazine four years ago. I'm certainly looking forward to the rest of the covers in that series.

Your magazine is tops. Especially pleasing are your pattern suggestions and most of your articles. I particularly enjoyed the story *Thirty Trips to Washington*.

CAROL CHRISTENSEN (age 15)

KENMORE, NEW YORK: I especially liked *Is There a Brother in Your Life?* I enjoyed it because I have an older brother who is fifteen. I'm going to practice being a better sister since I read the article.

Your new serial *Daystar* is simply wonderful. I can't wait for my next issue. I like all your patterns and fashions.

CAROL ROBERTS (age 13)

BAR HARBOR, MAINE: I simply had to write and congratulate you on your wonderful covers—especially the April cover painting by Earl Cordrey.

I enjoy your fashions, beauty hints, and patterns. I have started to make one of the dresses that appeared in the March issue. I like all of your stories. I especially liked *Play Ball!* as I am very fond of sports.

I, like Than Penington, wish you had a crossword puzzle in every issue. Otherwise your magazine is tops!

GEORGETTE JELLISON (age 15)

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Dear Folks - Howdy-doo!!
Camp sure is wonderful!

Here's a PERFECT snapshot
of Sally,

Joan and...

Yours truly - "the three
Musketeers of Camp Wee-
Ha-Ho!"

Thanks again
Dad for giving me such
a be-ootiful Camera.

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even for an "ef-monshutter-
bug like me gets...

SUPER shots!!!

+ Love m' stuff
Peggy Sue

P.S. DELICATE SUBJECT

All 8 pictures
turned out SWELL!
fantastic-eh???

Hint hint-could use
some more of that #120

film...thanks!!

Books

(Continued from page 3)

cess that came to him before he was thirty, because of the tormenting thought of other men who had nothing. Author, minister, lecturer, physician, acclaimed as the greatest organist of our time, head of the Theological College of a great university, he turned his back on all the honors and comforts of civilization for the heat and discomfort of primitive Equatorial Africa. From that time on, he has ministered physically and spiritually to the diseased, superstition-ridden natives of the jungle. World famous at seventy-five, he said, "When I first went to Africa I was prepared to make three sacrifices—to abandon the organ, to renounce academic teaching, and to lose my financial independence but, like Abraham, I have been spared the sacrifice." Told with sincerity, feeling, and a strong sense of the dramatic, this unusual story of a great and gifted humanitarian is fascinating, inspiring, and thought provoking.

Liberty Maid. By HELEN L. MORGAN. The Westminster Press, \$2.50.

Abigail was a Smith and a Quincy, and her mother felt that the dashing, cocky, outspoken young lawyer, Jack Adams, was hardly a fitting suitor for her daughter. But Abigail and Jack were sure they were meant for each other. Though they did not understand what the old Indian meant when he told Abigail, "The eagle will conquer the lion. You shall marry a chief, and through your line, a second chief shall come to lead the people," they lived to see his words come true. This is their story and the story of the years just before the Revolution and the early days of our country, based on the letters of Abigail and John Adams, and on John's diary. We come to know them and the famous people and well-known events of their time, not as cut-and-dried happenings of certain outcome nor as people predestined to perform in a prescribed fashion to achieve inevitable ends, but as troubled, uncertain human beings doing their best in a troubled, uncertain era.

Nancy Goes to College. By HELENE LAIRD. The World Publishing Company, \$2.00.

Read this book now for fun and tuck the title away in the back of your mind to use as a reference book a year or so from now when you will be getting ready for your freshman year at college. You may remember "Nancy Keeps House," a fictionalized account of all the things a beginner would want to know about homemaking—an entertaining and valuable fund of housekeeping information which this author wrote for her daughter and all other teen-agers. College graduate, wife of a college professor, mother of a college student (yes, her teen-ager has reached college), she has now done the same sort of thing for college. Nancy goes off to the coed State university of her choice not knowing what to expect or what will be expected of her. She learns the answer and you will, too, to such things as: How to get on with a roommate? What happens during registration? What to do about sororities? Whom to ask for advice? What is a university? What about dating, necking? What about extracurricular activities? How to study and still have time for fun? This is an entertaining book, full of information for every prospective college student on how to get the most out of college.

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INDEX for 1949

The AMERICAN GIRL Index for the past year has been printed separately, and a limited number are available on request. The index has been classified, as usual, under the program fields of Girl Scouting. If you'd like to have a copy of the index, please address your request to The American Girl, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Assignment in Modeling. By HELEN FRASER. Whittlesey House, \$3.00.

Whether or not you dream of modeling as your particular assignment, you will find this book interesting. It is fun to learn all the ramifications of the modeling business—how various famous models, photographers, designers, top-flight people in the world of fashion and advertising look and act; and how they work, where, and in what sort of surroundings. The director of a well-known school of modeling gives here a behind-the-scenes picture of all types of modeling—photographic, illustration, high-fashion, specialized, fashion show, wholesale, retail, television, and fashion film. Girls who think of modeling as a career will find all this especially fascinating. The parts about "working cruises," "working vacations" in Paris or Sun Valley, hobnobbing with the titled, affluent and famous paint a glamorous picture of the life of very successful models. Of more immediate practical value is the advice on what it takes to win that position. Don't skip lightly over such information as that the heart of this business is in New York; that an out-of-town girl will need sufficient funds to keep her going for some time before she is established; that much more is required than just a pretty face; that grace and good posture are essentials; that good health, stamina, a flair for wearing clothes, a "sense" of style, intelligent co-operativeness, patience, and a good disposition are assets; and that there are techniques and know-how to be learned and practiced in this as any other business.

THE END

Room Service

(Continued from page 24)

the FRONT piece. Bind the top edge of this piece with bias binding. Then mark off the pockets by dividing the FRONT into six equal sections (each six inches wide) marking each division with a line of pins or tailor's chalk.

For the BACK, fold the remaining five-inch piece in half so that you have a double piece measuring five by eighteen inches (right side of material out). Baste to hold edges even. Now, divide the width of the BACK in six sections (each three inches wide) and mark them as you did for the FRONT.

Place the FRONT over the BACK, keeping lower edges even. Pin so that side edges of the FRONT match side edges of the BACK. Each line of marking on the FRONT should be pinned so that it matches a similar line on the BACK. Then, starting at the bottom edge, stitch to the top of FRONT piece and down again on each division line. Arrange the fullness of each pocket into a box pleat, basting the pleats into place at the bottom edge. Finally, bind around the entire outside edge with bias binding and the case will be finished, ready to be tacked inside your dresser drawer.

WHEN YOU COME to your closet, trot everything out to the outdoor clothesline for airing and moth investigation. Brush all garments vigorously and scrutinize each woolen piece for the slightest sign that moths have been at work. A cut thread or small hole, a tiny thin spot not caused by wear, a minute lump which may be a cocoon are

SPEAKING OF MOVIES



CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN—

Based on the hilarious best-selling novel about the fabulous Gilbreth family, this picture has an excellent cast, headed by Myrna Loy, Clifton Webb, and Jeanne Crain. It is a heart-warming tale of the adventures, fun, and various tribulations of a family of twelve children, growing up under the delightful tyranny of their famous engineer father. It will be enjoyed by all ages. (20th Century-Fox)



CURTAIN CALL AT CACTUS CREEK—

A traveling troupe of actors touring the West becomes involved with some local bad men, with results which cause plenty of complications for everybody. The story is admirably suited to the comedy talents of Gale Storm, Donald O'Connor, Eve Arden, and Walter Brennan; and the scenes in which plays are put on by the itinerant troupers are especially good. (Universal-International)



The approaching marriage of his daughter (Elizabeth Taylor) spells bedlam for her father (Spencer Tracy) and frenzied activity for her mother (Joan Bennett) and the rest of the household. Starting with an apprehensive meeting of the future in-laws, the picture moves gaily along through the hectic engagement parties and prewedding festivities to the happy ending. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)



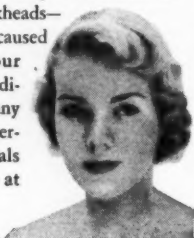
THE LAWLESS—This is an engrossing picture which indicts discrimination and small-town snobbishness. When local boys crash a "goodfellowship" dance and pick a quarrel with American-Mexican fruit pickers, one of the Mexican boys, Rodriguez, accidentally strikes an officer. He flees in panic, bringing down the wrath of a mob upon himself and upon the newspaper publisher who has attempted to befriend him. (Paramount)

by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK

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all telltale marks which mean that the clothing should have immediate washing or dry cleaning.

Once moths have started in, there's no certainty that the feast is over until all moth eggs and larvae have been destroyed. In fact, since "dirt and grease spots" translate to "double banana splits and hamburgers" in moth language, winter garments should never be put away for the summer without either laundering or dry cleaning, if you have worn them at all since their last cleaning.

With the clothes out of the way, take advantage of the empty closet to wipe down the ceiling and walls with either the dusting attachment of the vacuum cleaner or a soft wall brush. Wash the shelves, too, and as you clean, think about ways of streamlining the closet—a few new shelves, perhaps, or an extra rod.

When the woollens are aired (and cleaned or laundered if necessary), prepare them for summer storage without delay. Buy paradichlorobenzene crystals to use in special containers or in small homemade cheesecloth bags, and to sprinkle in pockets and turned-up cuffs. Hang garments in a tightly closed, mothproof bag or cabinet, then fasten one or two bags of crystals to a hanger just above the clothing. The crystals evaporate, so once or twice during the summer check to see whether the containers need refilling. Large mothproof bags and cabinets can be used for several years. But any special piece of clothing, such as your good winter coat, deserves a brand-new bag of its own.

Sweaters, mittens, wool socks, caps, and scarves should be liberally sprinkled with the crystals, wrapped in brown paper, labeled, and placed in a tightly closed box for the summer.

After these more personal aspects of your spring cleaning have been accomplished, you may want to go right on with the room itself. From this point on, however, results will be happier if you make the effort cooperative. Consult your mother about what work to do yourself and what jobs require family or professional help.

Check with her, too, on special tools and other equipment for different operations. While there are vacuum attachments for cleaning everything from Venetian blinds to bedsprings, she may have evolved other ingenious devices of her own: a broom swathed with cheesecloth for reaching high places, for example.

There are also many back and hand saving preparations on the market for use on wallpaper, mirrors, furniture, and floors, some of which you may wish to try. In using any product, however, always read the label beforehand, try it out on an inconspicuous place first, and follow directions to the letter.

SAFETY is another matter to be kept in mind constantly. If you must work on surfaces higher than you can reach from the floor, use a steady stepladder. Don't try any "monkey business" like climbing or reaching from chairs and boxes. Leave strictly alone those cleaning fluids which may burst into flame or explode, and use noninflammable cleaners outdoors or with windows open to avoid breathing the fumes.

After wiping down the walls and ceiling of your bedroom as you did the closet, you'll find that fingerprints on wallpaper will rub

off with artgum eraser. Surprisingly enough, sliced stale rye bread, of all things, can be used to clean wallpaper. In fact, gluten is the base of many dough-type wallpaper cleaners which you can buy at the hardware store.

Painted or varnished woodwork, furniture, and Venetian blinds can be cleaned with cream wax. Dirt rubs off as you apply the wax. Polish with another cloth.

A badly worn floor calls for professional help. But if the surface is in good condition, wash it with soapy water, rinse, and let dry thoroughly. Then consider protecting the finish with wax—the self-polishing variety is especially easy to apply. Let the wax dry thoroughly before using the floor, and place rug anchoring beneath scatter rugs to prevent skidding.

Have you tried cleaning mirrors and the inside of windows with liquid glass cleaner? Apply with a soft cloth or spray, polish immediately with another soft, lintless cloth. Clear warm water with a few drops of ammonia will also do an excellent job of glass cleaning.

Wash with sponge or chamois without touching the wooden frame. Crumpled newspaper will give the glass a wonderful polish. Leave outside windowpanes for someone else to take care of.

Chances are that your rugs should be sent out for their spring bath. However, some small rag rugs can go into the washer, and others will take to one of the rug-cleaning powders.

Your mother can tell you whether the curtains will be better for a trip to the cleaner or can be safely done up at home. This is true, too, of blankets and other bedding.

It's always fun to change furniture around, and almost any room will benefit by a little springtime rearrangement. You'll want to place the bed where you'll catch the breezes, come summer. How about making new bureau covers, draperies, perhaps even a new bedspread, to complete the cooling effect?

NATURALLY, before your room is really finished, your summer wardrobe must be in place. You probably have some wearable dresses left over from last year, and there's always a good bit to be done to get them in shape. After a thorough airing, press rayons, setting the iron to "cool" or "rayon" and using a damp cheesecloth or prepared pressing cloth to remove wrinkles. Most cottons should be starched before ironing. Try on the clothes, looking over each garment critically.

Check on the hemline for evenness and length. It's a good idea to tighten all buttons at the beginning of the season and, if you're shy one or two, to see about replacements. Try the zipper, so that if it doesn't work smoothly you'll have time to put in a new zipper before you want to wear the dress. Then, too, if last year's favorite seems disappointing as you face the mirror, remember that often a new ribbon or belt is all a dress needs for the vitamin value to see it glamorously through a new season.

And now, as they say on the radio, we'll venture a prediction: bet it won't be long before you invite the girls over for a slumber party and incidental inspection of your efforts.

THE END

A Touch of Psychology

(Continued from page 7)

Kay laughed. "Next time. Let's play some records."

A groan greeted this suggestion, and a moment later Kay understood why. The records heaped beside the phonograph were either nursery rhymes or classical pieces, obviously chosen by Miss Munsen for their elevating qualities. Near by she saw a shelf of books, many of them old-fashioned tales written to bolster the morals of children of fifty years ago. Making a mental resolve to bring an entirely new collection of books and records with her the next time she came, Kay discarded the idea of using the phonograph.

With Ronnie's help she organized a guessing game in one group, started Johnny and three of his friends on a picture puzzle, and arranged a general exchange of books and toys among the younger children. She and Ronnie were so busy running from one bed to another, helping with the puzzle or changing a book or game the moment it threatened to lose its appeal, that five thirty came before they knew it.

A concerted sigh went up from the beds when Miss Evans announced that the girls must go. "Come back. Promise?" whispered a small girl, as Kay walked past her bed.

Kay nodded. "I will and we'll bring lots of new books and records and things." Her heart was singing. The children liked them; they had made a success of keeping them amused.

ON THE afternoon of their next scheduled appearance at the hospital the girls came with their arms laden with books, toys, and records. It was a very different assortment from Miss Munsen's selection.

"Let's dump this stuff in the children's ward before we tackle the linen and flowers," said Kay. "I hope there are more flowers for the ward today. I hate taking those few bouquets in there."

An unnatural quiet pervaded the children's ward as Kay and Ronnie entered. The children lay passively in their beds, and there was an expression of something like resignation on each young face. None of the small patients appeared to notice the newcomers' arrival, for they were listening with a sort of resigned suspicion to a thin, high voice that came from the corner where the phonograph stood.

"And now, children, be quiet as little mice and we'll play this lovely lullaby. It's one I knew as a child."

A plaintive strain of music sounded and the voice began to sing a tuneless accompaniment. Kay recognized that voice and her heart sank. It belonged to Miss Munsen, and Kay did not need to be told that she and Ronnie would no longer be needed in the children's ward. This was Miss Munsen's bailiwick and, considering the size of her annual donation, Kay was very sure that no one in the hospital would dare dispute her right to be there.

Kay had known Miss Munsen by sight for years. She was a small, elderly woman whose face beneath a mass of graying hair looked very much like a round, pink pincushion. She had bright blue eyes, a tiny thin-lipped mouth, and a nose whose jutting size revealed the strength of character that the rest of her features belied. In spite of her wealth she dressed almost shabbily in garments of

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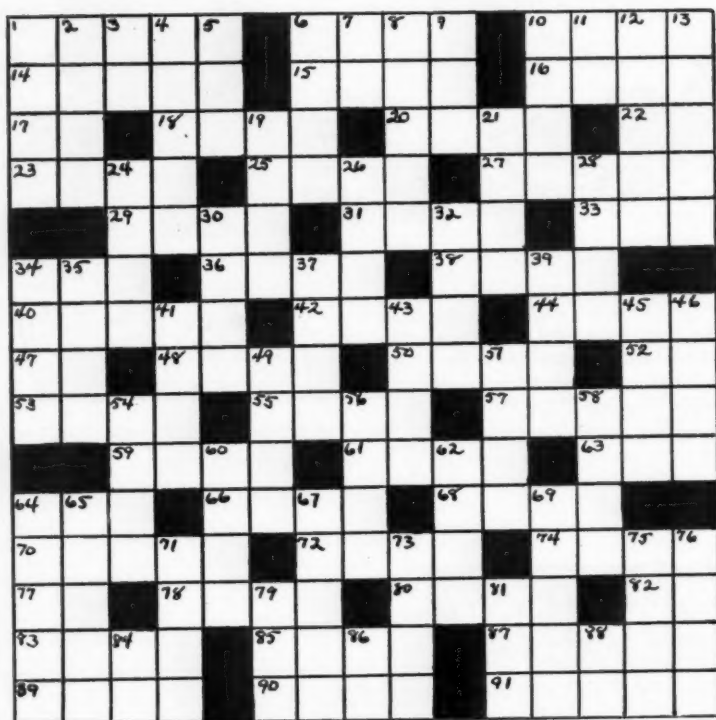
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ACROSS

1. Out of date
4. Only
10. Young flowers
14. Run off to marry
15. Stiffly proper
16. Atop
17. In equal degree
18. Wide-mouthed pitcher (Spanish)
20. Chasm
22. Parent
23. Trip
25. Skin irritation
27. Behind
29. Flower stalk
31. Pertaining to the ear
33. Short poem
34. Take legal proceedings
36. Projecting part of church
38. Tidy
40. Below
42. Mine entrance
44. A toothed wheel
47. Greek letter
48. Jagged projection
50. Alone
52. Denial
53. Walk
55. Furnish with a ceiling
57. Variegated quartz
59. Ancient stringed instrument
61. Writing table

63. Repeat (musical)
64. Boy's name
66. Therefore
68. Loyal (poetic)
70. Overturned
72. Girl's name
74. Anthem
77. Musical note
78. Harvest
80. Fencing foil
82. Yes (variant)
83. Number signifying unity (plural)
85. Slender part (botany)
87. Asiatic nettle
89. Torn
90. Goad
91. Parades

DOWN

1. Coal-like fuel
2. In addition
3. Thus
4. Diversion
5. Long fish
6. Petty quarrel
7. Correlative
8. Small in weight
9. Large Australian bird
10. Brownish-yellow
11. Higher
12. With hemispherical roof
13. Trap
19. Drooping

21. Delicate network
24. Accustomed
26. Girl student
28. Carry
30. Deserve
32. Preposition
34. Dines
35. One
37. Wise
39. Eagerly excited
41. Glimpse
43. Island
45. Opposed to
46. Fish eggs
49. Genus of maple trees
51. Inland body of water
54. Shade trees
56. Image
58. Competently
60. Network of blood vessels
62. A blow
64. Instructor
65. Believe
67. Stare
69. In advance
71. Formerly
73. Fermented honey drink
75. Principal
76. Broods of pheasants
79. Poisonous snake
81. Before (poetic)
84. Printer's measure, plural
86. Toward
88. Pronoun

For solution, turn to page 46

a long-past style. As far back as anyone in Crestwood could remember, she had worn the same wide-brimmed hat laden with faded artificial roses and dusty green leaves. She was wearing it now, and the roses nodded energetically in time to the music.

"Ta-te-tum-ta to sleep. May your—"
Miss Munsen stopped as she caught sight of Kay and Ronnie and clapped her hands softly. "Hush, children. We have visitors."

The admonition was needless in the apathetic silence of the ward, and it was utterly ignored the moment the children saw who their visitors were. A shout rose from the beds, and there was no doubt of the welcome in its tone.

"Hi, did you bring the new books?" . . .
"What about that song you promised?" . . . "Where's that record?" The questions became an eager babble, and Miss Munsen's soft little calls for quiet were completely drowned out.

Kay stood uncertainly by the door, the books and games clasped in her arms. She dared not put them down and did not even try to answer the questions hurled in her direction. She saw Miss Munsen coming toward them and heard Ronnie's gasp of dismay. Kay understood Ronnie's feelings, for there was no doubt that Miss Munsen was annoyed. Her face was a brighter shade of pink, and the flowers on her hat seemed to stand upright in militant battle array.

"Are you the girls who tried to amuse the children while I was away?" Miss Munsen's voice was crisp with disapproval. "They told me about the stories you told them. I'm surprised Miss Coggins would allow such things in my absence."

Completely overawed by the small, indomitable figure before them, Kay and Ronnie backed toward the door. The instant they began to move a wail arose from the children.

"Don't go!" . . . "We want to hear about the detective." . . . "Come back!"

Kay longed to tell them to be quiet, for Miss Munsen's lips had tightened. Then Johnny Wilbur's voice rose above the rest. "Tell that old battle-ax to go away. We want you."

The rudeness of Johnny's request hit Kay like a physical blow. He had done it now. Miss Munsen would blame them for what he had said and report the whole affair to the authorities. Kay's worst fears were realized the moment Miss Munsen caught the import of Johnny's words.

"Very well," Miss Munsen's voice shook with controlled anger. "I have no wish to stay where I am not wanted. Dr. Allen shall hear of this, and the hospital will have reason to regret it."

She swept out the door, leaving Kay and Ronnie in possession of the ward. There was no doubt in Kay's mind that she planned to wash her hands of the hospital as well. But Kay had seen that there were tears in Miss Munsen's eyes, the tears of someone who had been deeply hurt.

Kay slammed the load of books on a near-by table and turned wrathfully on Johnny. "That was a cruel thing to say! She tried her best to amuse you. I—I'm going after her."

Miss Munsen's tears had touched her, and Kay spoke on impulse. She understood something of the older woman's hurt and hoped there was some way to placate her. "You stay here," she whispered to Ronnie, as she slipped out the door.

She caught sight of Miss Munsen at the

end of the corridor. Kay saw the handkerchief she held to her eyes, and her awe of Miss Munsen vanished in her desire to comfort her.

"Miss Munsen!" Kay ran toward her and caught up with her by the elevator. "Johnny didn't mean it. He's sorry."

Miss Munsen wiped her eyes hastily and turned to Kay with her chin up. "I fully realize that you two girls are responsible for this outrage. You are too young to be allowed responsibility here, and I shall tell Dr. Allen so."

A dead weight of dismay filled Kay's heart. "But, Miss Munsen, I—we didn't..." She stopped, too distressed to find words.

Miss Munsen twitched her coat about her. "If my influence is worth nothing, the hospital no longer needs my support," she declared, the flowers in her hat nodding agreement.

KAY STARED at the faded roses, wishing desperately for some inspiration to appease Miss Munsen. If she failed, not only she and Ronnie would suffer, but, more important, the hospital as well. Just beyond the place where they stood was the flower room, its shelf cluttered with drooping bouquets and unopened flower boxes. The dusty flowers in the queer old hat were in Kay's line of vision, too. Suddenly the flower room and those artificial roses seemed to click together in her mind.

"Miss Munsen!" Impulsively Kay touched her arm. "You love flowers so much, and you win so many flower-show prizes. You have that big conservatory; I know you do."

"Flowers?" Miss Munsen glared at Kay. "Of course, I like them, but what—"

"Well, I just thought... that is, we have been arranging them for the patients, but we're very poor at it. You have to understand flowers to make them look nice." Kay was talking so fast she scarcely knew what she was saying. With her hand on Miss Munsen's arm she urged her gently toward the flower room. She had a wild hope that if she could turn Miss Munsen's thoughts to the arrangement of the flowers she could make her forget the fiasco in the children's ward. But she dared not do it outright; Miss Munsen must think it her own idea.

"Just look at those gladioli!" Kay exclaimed. "All jammed in that vase." A new inspiration struck her. "And do you know how few flowers the ward patients get? It's a shame, because they love them, too."

Miss Munsen advanced on the shelf of flowers and twitched a bouquet into shape. "Disgraceful," she muttered. She stood for some time staring down at the faded bouquets, then she threw up her head and swung round to face Kay. "No wonder the flowers are in such condition if they allow mere children to handle them. Please tell Miss Coggins I wish to speak to her."

Her words deflated Kay's hope like the prick of a pin to a balloon. With dragging feet she walked down the hall to Miss Coggins' office, certain now that she had made matters doubly precarious both for herself and the hospital. Her admission that she and Ronnie were unskilled in flower arrangement would serve as further ammunition for Miss Munsen in seeing that they were dismissed from the hospital as volunteers. If Miss Munsen thought the hospital had used poor judgment in allowing them to do the flowers, it would only heighten her determination to withdraw her support.

Kay delivered her message to Miss Coggins in a woebegone tone of voice, but the

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It's New!

by LAWRENCE N. GALTON



Needle, Thread, and Thimble, Too: They are all here—plus a pincushion—in this little thread caddy which holds eight spools. A transparent center strip has slots through which you draw the kind of thread you want, without removing the cover, and a tiny disk on the top snips off the thread neatly. The knob in the center of the caddy is a thimble, which covers a handy cork pincushion. The caddy is as inexpensive as it is useful and pretty.

Tube Roll-Up: This simple plastic device is a time, temper, and money saver. Slip it over the base of a tooth-paste or similar tube, and with a gentle turn of the handle roll out just the quantity you want, without mess. Every bit of the contents can be squeezed out, too, so there is practically no waste. When the tube is used up, the gadget slips out easily, ready for the next job.



Bubble Bath for Dishes: The three-times-daily chore of dish-washing can be made much easier with a detergent tablet now on the market. Drop one into a dishpan, fill the pan with warm water, and presto! you have foamy suds which leave dishes and silver sparkling clean, needing no drying. The tablets soften hard water, and no greasy film is left in the pan.

Postal-Scale Ruler: This would make a fine party favor or prize and be a useful addition to any desk. The twelve-inch plastic ruler is pointed and curved at one end, for use as a letter opener. A slot in the opposite end grips a letter firmly, and by an ingenious mechanism, the weight of the letter is indicated by a dial on the side of the ruler, which registers up to three ounces.



Pin-On Buttons: To get around the tedious job of sewing on buttons, and the nuisance of resewing them every time you send a dress or coat to the cleaner's, you might like to use buttons which simply pin on. They swing into position on a swivel, and fasten securely with a safety clasp. The buttons come in a variety of colors and in all standard button sizes.

Make A Fine Bow: Crisp, perky bows give the finishing touch to any gift package and are easy to make with a notched spool of ribbon designed especially for gift tying. You can make professional rosettes and bows, even if you are usually "all thumbs," just by looping the ribbon into the notches and following the three steps illustrated right on the spool.



Roll Your Own: With a rolling pin which cuts designs into the dough, making cookies can be as much fun as eating them. The rolling pin is divided into squares, each with a design carved in the center. After the cookies are rolled, they are simply cut apart and baked.

Decorate with Gold: For a comparatively small amount you now can give a rich touch of gold to your room or belongings. Genuine, twenty-three karat gold has been applied to a special decal transfer sheet, which can be cut into any desired shape or pattern and used on wood, metal, leather, glass, or almost any smooth surface. It dries in twenty-four hours and can be used on books, lamp shades, glassware, and even walls. The manufacturer claims that a 9" x 12" x 2" picture frame can be gilded for less than a dollar.



Portrait Cuff Links: These make very nice gifts for dad, brother, or that favorite cousin. And they are inexpensive as well as good looking. You simply mail a snapshot or negative to the manufacturer, and it will be reproduced for you, in miniature, on a pair of gold-plated cuff links. The original picture will be returned to you.

If you are interested in any of the products described in this column—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "It's New!" Editor, The American Girl, 135 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy or price information. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

chief nurse did not appear to notice anything amiss. Perhaps she had already heard something of the incident in the children's ward, for she did not seem surprised at Kay's message.

She nodded and said, "You and Ronnie stay in the children's ward this afternoon. I'll speak to you later."

Her words sounded ominous, and by the time Kay reached the ward she was convinced that her hours at the hospital were numbered.

"What happened?" asked Ronnie, who was standing uncertainly by the phonograph when Kay entered the room.

Kay shook her head mournfully. "I just put my big foot into it, that's all," she murmured. "I tried psychology and it didn't work."

Ronnie looked puzzled, but obeyed Kay's admonition to "get busy with the kids" as enthusiastically as she could. They tried not to let the children sense their depression and refused to answer their clamorous questions about Miss Munsen. In spite of the weight on their spirits, they succeeded nearly as well as before in amusing their small charges. It was impossible not to know that they were a success with them, especially when the concerted wail of disappointment arose when five thirty came.

"You promise to come back?" demanded Johnny almost belligerently.

But Kay could make no such commitment. She merely smiled at Johnny and waved good-bye to the others as though seeing them for the last time. They walked slowly to the elevator, half afraid of meeting someone in authority who would confirm the bad news that they were sure was coming to them. Just before they reached the door of the flower room, they heard a well-remembered voice that brought them up short. It was the high, fluted voice of Miss Munsen, and she was speaking in a way that showed she meant to make herself clear.

"... and, Miss Coggins, now that we've made a complete survey of this disgraceful state of affairs, I should like it understood that I will manage the flowers from now on. They will take all my time, so other arrangements will have to be made for the children."

"I'm sure that we—" Miss Coggins sounded both relieved and weary.

But Miss Munsen had not finished. "My gardener will bring fresh flowers every day for the ward. Why I had to discover this situation for myself I do not understand. Just look at those vases! Entirely inadequate. I must buy new ones. Do you think you can manage with the children without me?"

Kay clutched Ronnie's arm with tense fingers, as Miss Coggins's quiet voice replied, "We will try, though I know the children will miss you. The volunteers can be with them each afternoon. The two girls seem particularly good with them. We are grateful to them—for many things."

Kay caught the note of relief in the last three words, and she knew what Miss Coggins meant. But she did not wait to hear any more. "Let's get out of here," she whispered, pulling Ronnie to the elevator. "Did you hear Miss Coggins? I guess they realize now that we can be of some use. Anyway, it worked."

"What did?" demanded Ronnie. "I can see Miss Munsen's given up the children, but what turned her on the flowers?"

Kay grinned. "Just a slight touch of psychology," she answered airily. THE END

Daystar

(Continued from page 9)

on the bumpy ride back. "I'll leave them at Daystar so they'll be ready this evening, when we meet Doug and Gail and Miss Haynes to put up the decorations."

As they left the lake the road narrowed, and Bruce had to watch his driving. There were unexpected bends every few hundred yards. Suddenly a car coming in the opposite direction was almost on top of them. Bruce jerked the wheel to the right and both cars came to a dead stop.

Someone in the back of the other car leaned out the window and called, "Hello, Bruce." Although the girl was well bundled up in a fur coat and hood, Connie recognized Lisbeth Mallory.

Lisbeth ignored Connie. "Bruce," she asked, "what are you doing way out here?"

"Gathering greens to decorate Daystar this evening," Bruce answered casually.

Connie thought: I wish he hadn't told her that. She'll do something to spoil the evening.

The next moment the car had passed on, but Connie still held the vivid remembrance of Lisbeth's vindictive expression. She looked at Bruce. His hands were steady on the wheel. Evidently Lisbeth Mallory hadn't bothered him at all.

Connie tried to relax and enjoy the ride home. But Lisbeth's mocking eyes under the fur hood danced before her and spoiled everything.

Before they had opened the door of Daystar that evening, they heard the telephone ringing. It was Miss Haynes explaining that

she would be delayed. She said they could go ahead with the decorating, and she'd get there as soon as she could.

"It looks lovely," Connie told Gail, as they stepped back to study the effect of the beribboned spray of spruce over the mantel. It did, too. In fact, the whole youth center seemed to open its arms and shout, "Merry Christmas!"

They had tied evergreen branches and scarlet holly berries over every window. Instead of the conventional big tree in a corner, two smaller trees, hung with red and silver balls, popcorn strings, and puffs of snowy cotton, stood at each end of the table.

"How about a little relaxation after all that work?" Doug suggested. "Want to dance?" He pulled some old records from the cabinet. "These are relics. But I get a big kick out of trying to do the old steps."

For a while, Connie and Bruce watched Gail and Doug. They danced well together, the slim, long-legged girl and the tall, broad-shouldered boy. "They should," Bruce said, "they've been at it since they attended Mrs. Sipperly's dancing class at the ripe old age of five." He looked at Connie. "Want to join them?"

Bruce was a good dancer, and so was Connie. They'd learned in different places—he at Mrs. Sipperly's and she in the parlors of her friends' homes in Pontatuck—but what difference did that make when they got along so well together?

Doug put on an old Charleston number and Connie and Bruce tried it. They made bad work of it, but they were so funny that Doug and Gail applauded, laughing. When they stopped, exhausted, Doug boasted, "Gail and I can do better than that. Here's

an imitation of Ballerina Watts dancing with Lisbeth Mallory."

Connie and Bruce sat on hassocks and watched. It was a good imitation but it didn't seem funny to Connie. Maybe because she still remembered the look on Lisbeth's face this afternoon. There was a noise in the foyer and Connie turned to Bruce. "Did you hear something?"

He shook his head, still laughing at Gail and Doug. "It must be Miss Haynes," Connie said, and started to get up. Then she saw who it was. Lisbeth Mallory stood in the doorway. Her eyes blazed from Bruce and Connie to Doug and Gail who, quite unaware, went on with their imitation. Connie tried to get their attention, but they were too engrossed to notice her.

"How're we doing?" Doug shouted above the victrola. "I think we're almost as good as Ballerina and his partner, the great Mallory." He looked at Connie and following her eyes, saw Lisbeth.

She came slowly into the room. "What a cozy little foursome." Her voice was caustic. "Hello, Lis." Doug said coolly.

Lisbeth's eyes registered her dislike of the nickname. She laughed mockingly. "I thought Daystar was open to all. Or is it just a convenient spot for a private, unchaperoned party? A good place for Bruce to bring a girl he couldn't take home to meet his people."

Bruce walked over to Lisbeth. It was the first time Connie had seen him angry. "Lisbeth," he ordered sharply, "I think you'd better apologize to Connie."

Lisbeth flared up. "Apologize? To a social climber from Pontatuck?"

"Stop acting just like a cat, Lis," Doug



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suggested in his calm way, "and go home before you get spanked."

"Cat!" Lisbeth pounced on the word. "I'll show you what a cat I can really be! Suppose I told it around town that the Pontatuck Ciminellis backed this youth center just so Concetta could get her two feet planted on the next rung of the social ladder?"

Her fist banged down on the table, knocking a ball from the tree. "You put a good deal of work into your precious Daystar. Well, when my story reaches the right people, it will close this place up tight."

She turned and walked out the door.

Gail spent a miserable Sunday worrying over what Lisbeth would do to make trouble. Evidently she was losing no time, for Gail heard several versions of her story from various sources during the next two days.

By Tuesday morning, the Bennett house had the smell of Christmas in it, and Gail cheered up enough to think about some last-minute Christmas shopping. She pulled on her red chinchilla coat, clapped a pair of scarlet ear muffs over her ears, snatched up her shopping list, and was headed for the door when the telephone rang.

"Gail," her father's voice said. "I'd like you to come to my office right away."

It was unusual for her father to ask her to come to the factory. Intuitively, she knew why he did so now. Lisbeth's story must have reached him via the factory grapevine.

"I was going to do some last-minute shopping," she answered, "but it can wait."

When she reached the office, she found a slender man with sensitive features and troubled blue eyes sitting beside her father.

"This is Orlando Ciminelli, Gail," her father said. "I wanted you to hear for yourself what Mr. Ciminelli has to say."

Orlando's stiff speech had a touch of Italy in it. "There is a story going around about my sister and this youth center. They say my brother Salvatore started it so my sister could find a boy friend from Northport."

Gail explained quickly how Lisbeth Malory had threatened to spread gossip.

"There is no truth in it, Mr. Ciminelli," she finished. "Lisbeth was angry because Bruce Wheeler got tired of putting up with all he had to take from her."

Orlando shook his head. "Maybe what you say is true, but the Ciminellis have a good name. We do not want anything to spoil it. And how are people to know that this gossip is not the truth?" He bowed toward her father and walked out, his back straight and proud.

"Well, Gail?" Her father's voice had a questioning tone. "I warned you about this. What are you going to do now?"

"I'm miserable and furious that Lisbeth's spiteful story should hurt Connie," she said unhappily. Then she threw up her head. "I think the only thing to do is be as sensible as we can and let the rumor die a natural death. People talk about things for a few days and then forget."

Her father put his hand on her shoulder. "Why don't you close the center for a while? This sort of gossip is highly unpleasant. It's what I feared when you started this thing."

"Dad," she said earnestly, "I honestly believe Daystar can do a lot of good for the town by giving all the young people a chance to know and understand each other. I don't want to close it because of a bit of malicious gossip started by a jealous girl."

Her father looked unconvinced. She could not make out what lay behind his expression, but she felt it was something she didn't

like, something that was almost a threat. She said good-by, dug her hands into the pockets of her red coat, and turned uneasily toward the door. It's Christmastime, she thought wretchedly, and everything is all wrong. Peace on earth. Good will to men. Lisbeth and Connie and Bruce. Orlando and Dad and me. The whole world's upside down.

THE Christmas party at Daystar was not a great success. Only a small group showed up, danced to the music of the victrola, and left early. Gail tried to believe the crowd was small because most people preferred private parties at Christmas and not because of Lisbeth's gossip.

On a bright morning between Christmas and New Year's, with cold sunlight studding the hard crust of snow with diamonds, she turned her car into the Winthrop driveway and found Doug waiting at the side entrance



OFF DAY AT SCHOOL

by Margaret Fishback

From my desk by the window I can see
A little brown wren on a sycamore
tree.

He looks so frisky; he acts so gay,
He makes me want to run out and
play.

There are so many outdoor things
to do,
If I started right now I'd never get
through.

Was that my name? Oh, I can't recite
With the sky so blue and the sun so
bright.

I can't make my answer come out
quick. . .

This is no day for arithmetic!
So blame the wren and the sycamore
tree,

But, Teacher, don't put the blame on
me!

of his house. He put a vacuum cleaner and appliances in the trunk and said as he climbed in beside Gail, "Back out quietly. If Susie knew I borrowed this stuff she'd hit me over the head with a broom."

"This is swell skiing weather," Gail sniffed the air as they headed toward Daystar.

Doug folded his arms across his chest. "I've given up all the good things in life," he grumbled. "Since Daystar opened, all I do is work, work, work. Skiing! Fat chance!"

"Well, some one has to clean the place before the New Year's Eve party."

Gail drove carefully over the parking lot. "You wait at the back with the parapher-

nal, Doug. I'll go around front and let you in."

She fished in her pocket for the key, started to put it in the lock, and stopped. "Doug!" she shouted. "Come here quick."

"Look!" She pointed to the door. "A note from Salvatore Ciminelli."

Gail Bennett: Please come to my office. Important.

"What do you suppose he wants to see me about?" Gail worried.

"The best way to find out is to go over and ask him." Doug's grin made her anxiety seem silly. After all, what could be wrong? She looked back at the building as they drove off and it looked so solid and friendly, she felt everything must be all right.

Salvatore was talking in Italian on the telephone when they entered his office. He finished his conversation and boomed, "Hello, hello. Sit down." Yet something in his manner alerted Gail and the nagging foreboding crept in again.

Salvatore shuffled through some colored cards on his desk, but it was evident he was not so much interested in them as stalling about what he had to tell them.

Finally he said, "I'll come right to the point with you." He coughed and added, "It's better that way, isn't it? I mean, when it's something unpleasant? It's best to get it over with quick."

Gail nodded. So it was bad news. She kept her eyes on the faded green rug.

"All right," Salvatore went on. "I'll tell you quick. Daystar's been sold."

Gail almost jumped off the settee. *Daystar's been sold.* The words echoed in the room.

It was Doug who finally asked, "But didn't you tell us the house was a white elephant on the market?"

"Sure, sure. Some one pulled a fast one."

"We spoke about this, Mr. Ciminelli. Remember? We were afraid that when we had it all fixed up someone might buy it."

Salvatore was silent, walking back and forth in the little office, stopping by his desk to fuss with his confused pile of papers. "If anyone had asked me," he said, "I would have sworn it could never happen."

Gail was able to speak now. "Does that mean we have to clear out at once?"

Salvatore looked apologetic. "A couple of weeks' grace, maybe. To get your stuff out. Don't take it so hard, kids, please. You make me feel awful. Honest to goodness, you do. It's not the only place in the world. Maybe we'll find another soon."

Gail got up from the settee. "Mr. Ciminelli, who bought the Gregory house?"

Salvatore stepped back. "All I know is it's been sold. I had word from the real estate board this morning. Someone bought it yesterday. That's all."

"You mean you didn't ask who bought it?"

He looked out the window. "Listen, kids, this is a bad time for chit-chat. I'm busy."

Gail walked over to his desk. "If you don't tell us who bought it, we can find out easily enough. All we have to do is go down to the town hall." He looked at her with a hunted expression.

She pressed her point, even though she felt she knew the answer. "Would you rather have us find out from someone else? Wouldn't you rather tell us yourself?"

"Okay. Okay." He threw up his short arms in surrender. "I'll tell you. The Gregory house was bought by your father—by Austin Bennett." (To be continued)

Party Perfect

(Continued from page 21)

Use warm water, plenty of lather, and a washcloth or soft complexion brush. Rinse and dry carefully. Follow with softening cream or lotion if your skin tends to be dry or sensitive. Calamine lotion at night will help to heal blemishes.

Hand Work: Smooth hand cream or lotion over your hands after every washing. Dry thoroughly and push cuticle back with thumb wrapped in towel. Keep nails filed smooth to avoid breaks and tears.

Posture Pickup: Remind yourself as many times a day as you can to stand tall, head high, shoulders back, tummy flat.

THE DAY

Allow at least two hours for the business of getting ready.

Your Hair: Reset your hair dry, and pull a net over it. The steam from your bath will do the setting. Keep the net on until after you've put on your dress.

Your Bath: Now is a good time to treat yourself to a luxurious bubble bath. Be sure the water isn't too hot—you don't want to look like a beet! Take your time and pay special attention to elbows, hands, and nails. Pat, don't rub dry and finish with cologne, dusting powder, or body lotion. (If underarms will be exposed, be sure they're neat.)

Your Nails: While cuticle is still softened from your bath, push it back and trim any hangnails carefully. Dab with alcohol after cutting. If you use polish, apply carefully and allow plenty of time for it to dry.

Your Make-up: "Fix" your face before you put on your dress. If you use a powder base, be sure to blend into hairline and down neck. If you're wearing a sleeveless or low-necked dress, liquid skin powder will make skin look creamy smooth. Blemishes can be made unnoticeable with a tinted spot stick. Powder lightly and brush excess off with cotton square or powder brush. If you use lipstick, be sure to outline lips carefully first; then fill in and blot excess with tissue.

Last Minute Checkup: You're all dressed, hair brushed, and you're ready to go—but stop, look, and listen! Are your stocking seams straight? Shoes spotless? Underwear straps and slip out of sight? Handbag equipped with comb, compact, hanky? Do you have your gloves, some pocket money? And how about a touch of perfume? **THE END**

Parents Are No Problem

(Continued from page 14)

Do you really know your father—what he likes, what he did when he was a boy, things like that? Or is he a stranger you see only at dinner? If he putters around, making things on week ends, try giving him a hand with the hammer or screw-driver. Or coax him out for walk. You may find that he's a lot of fun and an interesting companion.

Can Dad get a spell of peace and quiet around the house now and then? After a busy day he may look forward to a little rest. Is the radio always blaring your favorite programs? Are you always screaming over the telephone? Try making Father cozy and comfortable. Result: gratitude from him but from the rest of the family, too.

With this new approach, don't be surprised to discover that you can enjoy life with Father—if you'll give him a chance to enjoy life with you. **THE END**

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September Recipe Exchange

Subject: PUNCHES AND PARTY DRINKS

Date Due: JUNE 20

* The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the September issue must reach us by June 20.

* Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." Your recipe MUST be one that you have used successfully.

* JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed, The AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper only.

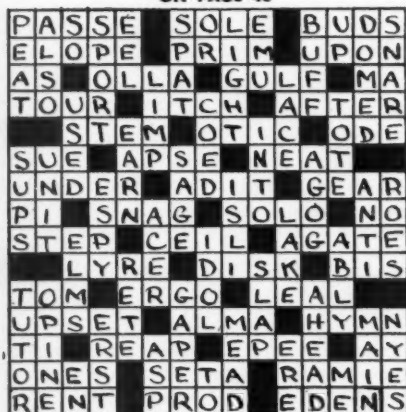
2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.

3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.

4. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.

5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, American Girl Magazine, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York.

SOLUTION TO THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 40



ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?

Give The American Girl at least six weeks' notice, so as not to miss any issues. Be sure to send your old as well as your new address to The American Girl, 155 E. 44th St., N. Y. 17.

When Writing to Advertisers
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Jokes

HOT DAD

JILL: Did you know that paper can be used to keep a person warm?

JACK: Do I! My last report card kept my dad hot under the collar for two weeks.

Sent by MARLENA WINTERS, Deerfield, Kansas

GENERAL RULE

FIRST PRIVATE: Why did you salute that truck driver?

SECOND ROOKIE: That's no truck driver; that's General Hauling. Didn't you see that sign?

Sent by JEANA CLIFTON, Houston, Texas

EARLY AUTUMN

TEACHER: When do the leaves begin to turn?

STUDENT: The night before examination.

Sent by RUTH ANN MARSHALL, Corvallis, Oregon

"T" AS IN WET

JANE: Why is an island like the letter T?

BOB: Why?

JANE: Because it's in the middle of water.

Sent by JO KAY DUNHAM, St. Louis, Missouri

BUFFALO EXPRESS

ELDERLY LADY: A ticket to New York, please.

TICKET AGENT: Do you wish to go by Buffalo, Madam?

ELDERLY LADY: Certainly not! By train, if you please.

Sent by ANN CLEARY, Urbana, Illinois

MILK-FED

DON: Did you hear about the baby that was fed on elephant's milk and gained thirty-six pounds in twenty-four days?

LON: No. Whose baby was it?

DON: The elephant's.

Sent by BARBARA VAILE, Wayne, Pennsylvania

FOREVER YOUNG

TEACHER: Can a woman ever be a president of the United States?

BILLY: No, ma'am.

TEACHER: Why not?

BILLY: Because they never get to be over thirty-five.

Sent by LENORA JONES, Drain, Oregon

SYMPATHETIC

BARBARA: Mother, a little girl fell off the seat in the bus today, and everybody laughed but me.

MOTHER: That was very nice of you. Who was the little girl?

BARBARA: It was me.

Sent by JOANNE SHUMAKER, Summerton, South Carolina

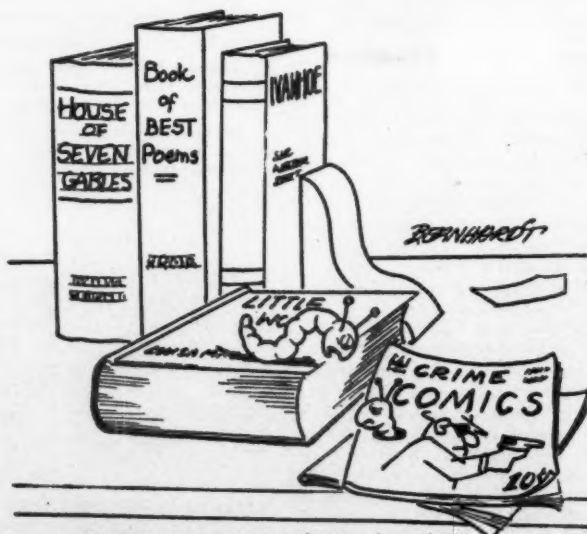
BITE-SIZE

MOTHER: Junior! One more bite like that and you'll leave the table!

JUNIOR: One more bite like that and I'll be finished.

Sent by JANE LEWIS, Birmingham, Alabama

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.



"Junior, are you eating that trash again?"

Answers to State Flowers Quiz on page 16

1. **Red Clover.** VERMONT. Like the settlers of America this plant came from across the sea and was soon very much at home here. Four-leaf clovers are considered lucky.
2. **Sego Lily.** UTAH. This lovely member of the tulip tribe is a variety of the Mariposa—the butterfly tulip. The early Mormons enjoyed the root as food.
3. **Carnation.** OHIO. The red carnation was chosen by the State legislature in memory of President William McKinley. The flower was his favorite.
4. **Mistletoe.** OKLAHOMA. The flower of the mistletoe is inconspicuous but the evergreen leaves and white berries are more showy. Kissing under mistletoe is an age-old custom.
5. **Black-eyed Susan.** MARYLAND. The school children gave this flower its place of honor. A wild flower here, it is often cultivated in European gardens.
6. **Pasque Flower.** SOUTH DAKOTA. In March and April, these bluish-purple flowers beautify the dry soil of the plains. "Pasque" refers to Easter.
7. **Peach Blossom.** DELAWARE. The lovely deep-pink blossom of this popular fruit tree has reigned as queen in our next-smallest State since 1895.
8. **Magnolia.** LOUISIANA and MISSISSIPPI. This magnificent, fragrant flower, which grows on a tree, sometimes 70 feet in height, is the vote-winner in these States.
9. **Sunflower.** KANSAS. The sunflower has long been the official symbol of this State. American Indians cultivated the plant and spread it from tribe to tribe.
10. **Holly Grape.** OREGON. The holly or Oregon grape is an evergreen shrub bearing small yellow flowers which develop into bright purple fruits.
11. **Giant Cactus.** ARIZONA. While Arizona was a territory, schools voted for this remarkable desert plant with its towering white crown.
12. **Pine Cone and Tassel.** MAINE. The pine tree is useful to man for lumber and the seeds are relished by birds and small creatures.
13. **Mountain Laurel.** CONNECTICUT and PENNSYLVANIA both honor this flower. Its beauty delighted naturalist Peter Kalm when he visited the United States, and he took the shrub back to Sweden. It was named Kalmia after him.
14. **Rose.** The white Cherokee rose, GEORGIA's choice, originally came from China. The wild rose of IOWA is pink. NORTH DAKOTA has the prairie rose, pink turning to white. The wild pink rose is NEW YORK's choice. The DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA adopted the American Beauty.
15. **Zinnia.** INDIANA. The zinnia has had a hard fight for its Indiana throne. It succeeded the tulip tree which, in turn, had taken the crown from the carnation.
16. **Moccasin Flower.** MINNESOTA. This member of the orchid family is often called "lady's-slipper."
17. **Goldenrod.** KENTUCKY and NEBRASKA both voted for this well-known flower. Goldenrod is one of the showiest of this country's herbs.
18. **Indian Paintbrush.** WYOMING. Children long ago chose the fringed gentian but later the legislature decided that the Indian paintbrush would better represent their State.

19. **Bitterroot.** MONTANA. So characteristic of the State is this flower that it seems to have had no rivals. A river, a mountain range, and a valley have been named for it.
20. **Camellia.** ALABAMA. At the suggestion of garden club members the camellia won the honor of State flowerhood, because it has so many local and visiting admirers.
21. **Golden Poppy.** CALIFORNIA. Of all the flowers that grow in this State, school children chose the wild, abundant poppy. It is treasured in gardens throughout the country.
22. **Orange Blossom.** FLORIDA. The sweet perfume of this flower fills the air around the groves. Fruit and blossom are often found on the same tree at the same time.
23. **Bluebonnet.** TEXAS. The bluebonnet's Latin name *Lupinus* means wolf; for many years it was considered a hungry plant which robbed the soil of mineral substances. Now it is known the plants enrich the soil.
24. **Apple Blossom.** ARKANSAS and MICHIGAN. School children in both States chose this flower and legislative action followed. The crab apple was the parent of the present apple.
25. **Trailing Arbutus.** MASSACHUSETTS. The mayflower, as this sweet-scented flower is often called, is one of America's best-loved spring plants. It is becoming rare and should never be picked.
26. **Dogwood.** NORTH CAROLINA and VIRGINIA officially named this small tree. Its green-yellow flowers are seldom noticed, but the white or pink bracts surrounding the flowers make the tree spectacular in spring.
27. **Sagebrush.** NEVADA. This plant is not acclaimed for the prettiness of its individual flowers but for the mass effect of beauty it gives to the landscape.
28. **Columbine.** COLORADO. The spurs of this flower are supposed to look like a group of doves and the name came from the Latin *columbinus*, dove-like.
29. **Violet.** ILLINOIS, NEW JERSEY, RHODE ISLAND, and WISCONSIN all have adopted this flower. One of the many violet fables says that violets are the pieces of heaven cut out of the night sky when the stars, made of daisies, were set in place.
30. **Yucca.** NEW MEXICO. The handsome yucca is familiarly known as Spanish bayonet or Adam's needle. The root of the plant has soaplike properties and Mexicans sometimes use it for washing.
31. **Yellow Jessamine.** SOUTH CAROLINA. This climbing plant, bearing flowers profusely, has long glowed as this State's emblem. It is very fragrant, especially in damp weather.
32. **Rhododendron.** WASHINGTON and WEST VIRGINIA chose this cousin of the mountain laurel. Its handsome flowers add color to the woods in the spring.
33. **Mock Orange.** IDAHO. This tall shrub with its fragrant white flowers was a favorite in old-fashioned gardens.
34. **Iris.** TENNESSEE. The iris was named by naturalist Joseph de Tournefort after Iris, Greek goddess of the rainbow, because its blossoms rival the rainbow in color.
35. **Hawthorn.** MISSOURI. The hawthorn is a spiny shrub of the apple family with fragrant pink or white flowers that bloom in the spring.
36. **Purple Lilac.** NEW HAMPSHIRE. No other flower could so well typify this State. Though the lilac originally came from Persia, it is found in almost every New Hampshire dooryard and garden. THE END

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Roving Reporter,

Jackie Scout asks the question,

"How did your
MIDGE PENCIL
save the day?"

(Here's what
3 girls
have
to
say)

I'm Val!

During a
hectic relay
race our leader's
pen went dry!!!

Thanks to my trusty
MIDGE PENCIL, the
scoring carried on!
(Watch! WE
WON)

My name is Shirley
and I'm a Girl Scout!
I lost my MIDGE PENCIL
last week. I was so
mad I almost cried.
I was so sad I almost
cried. I was so sad I
almost cried. I was so
sad I almost cried.

Hya!
Nancy's
the name
of the pencil
or broken
points with
MIDGE PENCIL!
I'm strictly mech-
anical minded! All my
pals keep borrowing it!

Hurry and order your MIDGE
PENCIL today! White mother-of-
pearl plastic, chrome trim. Red
and green emblem. Leads inside.
11-760a—50¢ each

Girl Scouts, U.S.A., Nat'l Equip. Serv.

155 East 44th St., New York 17
1307 Washington Ave., St. Louis 3
245 Mission St., San Francisco 5

Enclosed is my check ☐ M.O. ☐ for \$.....
Please rush 11-760a MIDGE PENCILS.

Name
Street
City Zone State

The Gavel

(Continued from page 13)

And she was pretty fond of him. They had so much fun together. Something important must have happened. He would explain tomorrow. There was no need to worry. Just because other boys were changeable didn't mean Walt was.

Relieved, Lois looked around for the first time and found herself on Lennox Street, a few yards from the library. She might as well go in before she went home.

She walked up the steps. As she reached for the door it swung open, and Walter Johnson almost bumped into her. Lois stood still, too surprised to say anything.

"Hello, Lois," Walt said after a second's hesitation.

"Where have you been?" Lois asked, thinking only of what was uppermost in her mind.

"Right here, doing some studying," he answered quietly. "Since I hadn't made any other plans, I thought it would be a good night for it. Well," he packed the books under his arm a little more snugly, "be seeing you." He waved casually and ran down the steps.

Lois stared after him, but he didn't turn around. She started to open the door, then changed her mind and turned toward home.

It wasn't her imagination. Even though the emphasis had been slight, he had laid stress on the "I" when he said, "I hadn't made any plans." He had said it distinctly, deliberately. Kind, easy-going Walt who wouldn't hurt anyone!

She practically ran the rest of the way home. Upstairs she threw herself down on her bed, no longer able to hold back the tears. What had happened to change Walt so? To have him act like the others was unbearable. She had always tried so hard to do the right thing, to plan for things they would both enjoy.

At last, too tired to cry any more, she prepared for bed and tried to go to sleep. There was no use thinking about it. No matter how much she thought she couldn't find an answer.

The next day was hot, too, and dragged interminably. She had lunch with Mary who seemed as troubled as she was. As soon as she got things straightened out with Walt, she must find out what was bothering Mary and help. But the afternoon passed without any opportunity for a private talk with Walt. She would have to wait and see him after the meeting tonight.

Lois left the house that evening just in time to start the meeting as scheduled. She was in no mood to stand idly gossiping. She wanted the session over quickly. Although she wouldn't admit it, she knew it was not only so she could talk with Walt but also because she had been feeling uneasy about this meeting all day.

The Junior Auxiliary met in the coolest spot in the building—a large, airy corner room. They needed a big room to accommodate the J. A.'s forty members—all of whom, as Lois looked around, seemed to be present. It was the first time she could recall seeing so many on hand. She saw Walt, his red hair easily discernible, but he was looking the other way. She had a sudden crazy wish to call off the whole thing, but that was senseless, of course.

She rapped firmly for silence and opened the meeting. The agenda was run through

quickly from minutes, to correspondence, to reports, to old business—and at last to new business.

Lois hesitated a moment. There was a cool breeze coming through one of the windows. The room was bright and cheerful with the colorful, triangular banners of the leading colleges tacked to the walls. The gay room contrasted strangely with all those grave eyes watching her. Was her concern over Walt making her imagine things?

She arose and faced the group. The first new business concerned decorations for the annual dance. Lois described the plan, told them that the executive committee had discussed it, and asked them to vote on it. One of the boys immediately stood up and proceeded to give all the arguments against decorating that the committee had presented yesterday. As soon as he finished another boy made a motion, promptly seconded by one of the girls, that a vote be taken.

Lois was angry. This was no way to conduct a meeting. She banged the gavel sharply and started to say so but was interrupted by still another member.

"We have to vote on it, don't we?" he asked.

"Yes, of course."

"Then let's do it," he said sharply.

Lois looked around at the others. No one objected.

"All those in favor please raise their hands," she called—then almost gasped. She couldn't understand it. No more than half a dozen hands were raised. She looked quickly at Walt. He hadn't voted for her plan. "All those opposed?" she asked slowly, knowing the answer before the flash of hands. Walt hadn't voted against it either. She wished she knew what this was all about. They had always approved her plans before.

They were all waiting. No one spoke. Thoughtfully she brought up the question of the minimum age. But even as she explained the important reasons in favor of her project, she sounded unconvincing. Suddenly she was afraid to ask for a vote, and then quickly chided herself for being foolish.

"All those in favor?" she asked and looked about the room. Not a single hand was raised. She must have spoken too quietly. They hadn't heard her. "All," she began again, then suddenly realized that everyone was looking at her attentively. Everyone, that is, but Walt and Mary. They were looking down. The group couldn't have helped hearing her. Something had happened. Something must have happened! The stillness of their faces told her. "All opposed?" she asked slowly in a low voice and this time, as before, she knew what the answer would be. Every hand—all forty—was raised; every hand including Walt's.

She must not let them know how she felt. Walt especially must not know. She tried to laugh. "Well, that makes it unanimous, I guess." Quickly she picked up the sheet of paper on which she had planned the agenda and tried to speak naturally. "The last business is that of the nominating committee." Her voice was low. "Will the chairman please read the slate of officers recommended?"

Arthur Linden stood up. He was a short, stocky fellow who always tried to mediate any arguments that arose at meetings.

Lois leaned back in her chair. The fretful breeze had died down and the crowded room had become almost unbearably warm.

ON OUR JUNE COVER



SHOWN WITH COTTON SOCKS BY BONNIE DOON AND SOFT KID SHOES BY CAPEZIO. NAIL POLISH BY DURA-GLOSS; LIPSTICK BY MILKMAID. BADMINTON EQUIPMENT, COURTESY OF GERRY CROSBY & CO., INC. N. Y. C.

Marguerite Brubaker and Helen Ryan share honors on our June cover in Derby's plaid and plain denim co-ordinates. These sports outfits are "naturals" for them, since both are active outdoor girls. In addition to modeling, Helen enjoys camping and swimming. During her summer vacation, she alternates between overnight camp trips and working for the Jones Beach water ballet. As a matter of fact, it was after a matinee performance that a photographer "discovered" her and inspired her to become a model. Marguerite is more interested in farming. Some day she hopes to have her own farm in New York State and settle down as a "gentlewoman farmer."

Marguerite loves the plaid Riviera shirt that matches the double string belt of her classic boy shorts, which also have two deep, stitched pockets. Each about \$3. The denim sleeveless overblouse Helen is wearing, has a Peter Pan collar. About \$2.50. Her cuffed pedal pushers have the same pocket design and plaid belt as the shorts. About \$4. And to top it all, both girls use a denim peaked cap to shade the eyes and protect them from the sun. About \$1.50. All of these for subteen sizes 10-14, in faded blue or sea blue with matching blue-and-red plaid. Find them at the stores listed below.

The cover fashions can be bought at the following stores:

Filene's	Boston, Mass.
Abraham & Straus	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rike-Kumler	Dayton, Ohio
Hudson's	Detroit, Mich.
Lowenstein's	Memphis, Tenn.
Burdine's	Miami, Fla.
Milwaukee Boston Store	Milwaukee, Wisc.
Wanamaker's	New York, N. Y.
Joseph Horne	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sears, Betty & Bob	Portsmouth, Va.
Thalhimer's	Richmond, Va.
Famous-Barr	St. Louis, Mo.
Frederick & Nelson	Seattle, Wash.
Wm. H. Frear	Troy, N. Y.
Jellef, Inc.	Washington, D. C.

The "Prize Purchase" shorts, on page 17, at the following stores:

Abraham & Straus	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hochschild, Kohn	Baltimore, Md.
F. & R. Lazarus	Columbus, Ohio
Millers	Chattanooga, Tenn.
J. L. Hudson	Detroit, Mich.
Elder & Johnston	Dayton, Ohio
Cohen Bros.	Jacksonville, Fla.
Burden Smith Co.	Macon, Ga.
Burdine's	Miami, Fla.
Milwaukee Boston Store	Milwaukee, Wisc.
The Baker Company	Minneapolis, Minn.
Bamberger's	Newark, N. J.
B. Altman & Co.	New York, N. Y.
D. H. Holmes	New Orleans, La.
Lucky Platt	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
John Wanamaker	Philadelphia, Pa.
Schuneman's	St. Paul, Minn.
Hecht Co.	Washington, D. C.

They are made in white, navy, Kelly, green, maize, dark green, and red.

After a few preliminary sentences Arthur shifted his position then continued slowly and distinctly, "The following are recommended for office: for president, Helen Buchanan; for . . ."

But Lois heard no more. He had said it very clearly: for president, Helen Buchanan. They hadn't renominated her. They hadn't wanted her back—despite the hard work she had done all year. She wasn't going to be president. They had voted against her. They had voted against both plans she had set her heart on. Even Walt had voted against her plan. He had voted against her personally, too, and he was more important to her than any of the others.

They had nominated Helen, carefree Helen, who would no more think of making decisions for the club than— Suddenly Lois remembered her mother saying, "Everyone likes to make his own decisions." She felt her hand throb strangely and opened it as she looked down. She saw red welts made by the carved handle of the gavel which she had grasped angrily through habit. Only she didn't feel angry now.

She remembered Walt's expression yesterday when she had arranged his study hours, and she remembered seeing it before, too. For the first time she wondered if the other boys had broken dates with her for the same reason. She recalled Mary's troubled look yesterday and today.

Arthur had stopped reading and was looking at her. Almost everyone was shifting in his seat. She couldn't just sit there. She had to complete the business of the meeting. Automatically she reached for the gavel, then stopped. There had been too much gavel. She stood up and hoped desperately that her voice wouldn't quiver. She thanked Ar-

thur and the committee for their efforts, then turned to the others and asked for a vote. It was unanimous as she had expected. She told them quickly that the installation of the new officers would be held at the next and final meeting of the season. Then, at last, thankful that it was all over, she asked for someone to move for adjournment.

Lois gathered her papers together as the group broke up slowly. If she weren't so miserable, she could almost laugh. She, who always knew all the answers!

She folded the papers quickly, put the gavel in its box and turned to leave, but was blocked by Helen Buchanan.

"Lois—" she began.

Lois held out her hand. She could try to be a good sport, anyway. "Congratulations, Helen. I know you'll do a wonderful job." She hesitated as she looked down at the box containing the gavel. It really no longer belonged to her. "Here," she placed it in Helen's hand and spoke quietly, "it belongs to you now."

Helen started to protest. Lois shook her head and forced herself to smile. "Use it sparingly," she said. "That's good advice." Helen thanked her warmly and said she'd get in touch with her.

Lois hurried from the room. She had to get out. She ran down the steps and was walking rapidly away when she heard Walt's voice calling her. There was no use in stopping. There was nothing to say. Being Walt, he was only trying to be kind.

"Lois," he called again and this time caught up with her. She stopped and turned to him. He looked at her silently for a few seconds. "It's too warm to walk so fast, Lois," he said in his slow, easy way. "Let me give you a lift."

Lois stood irresolutely for a moment. There wasn't much point to it, but she couldn't be rude. "Thanks," she answered softly, "that would be nice."

They drove for several minutes, neither saying anything. She didn't know what Walt had on his mind, but it would be wonderful to go for a long ride. She felt too tired to do anything else.

"I heard what you told Helen," Walt spoke quietly, "and I know how much that gavel meant to you. It took a pretty good sport to do that."

Lois said nothing. Walt knew not only how much the gavel and therefore the presidency had meant to her but he must know also why she had not been re-elected. She felt terribly ashamed.

"Say, I have a brilliant thought." He looked down at her and winked. "And you know I don't get them often. There's a band tonight down on the pavilion at the beach. It should be cool there and we could have some fun."

The pavilion with its noise and crowds was the last place she wanted to go. She felt too weary to move. A ride would be so much better.

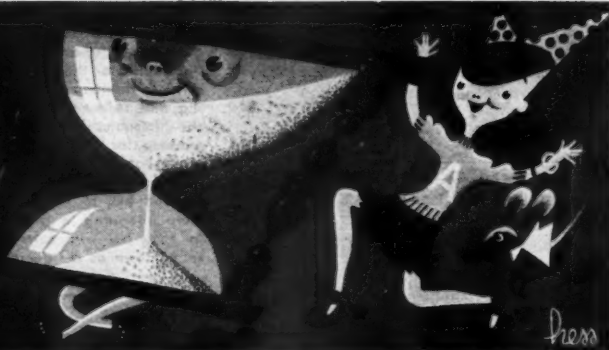
"Why not—" Lois looked up and saw his eyes on her and stopped. Here she was—running things again. She bit her lip, then smiled sheepishly. "It sounds swell, Walt."

He regarded her a moment and Lois felt her throat tighten. At last, however, his mouth widened in that slow grin. "I'll have you home in plenty of time to get your beauty sleep."

She laughed in relief. "Lead on," she told him and put all the gaiety and enthusiasm she could muster into those two words.

THE END

In Step with the Times



by LLOYD WELDON

AN ARMY WITHOUT GUNS

Its uniforms are blue with gay red trimmings. Its leaders are lieutenants, captains, and generals; its commander was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. But this army has never fired a shot. Its battles are against want, misery, and despair. Its weapons are spiritual faith; food, shelter, and medicine; the helpful hands of its thousands of cheerful, friendly "soldiers."

The Salvation Army in America is celebrating its seventieth birthday this year. Today it has 200,000 soldiers and 3,000 shelters, and it is hard to believe that this great organization began in this country with a "landing force" of one man and seven women. They had a rugged time. It was not unusual for their outdoor meetings to be broken up by showers of stones, and the speaker and his helpers carried off to jail.

But they went on—from New York to Newark, to Philadelphia, to St. Louis, holding meetings wherever they could. Once they shared a platform with vaudeville entertainers on New York's famous old Bowery; and in St. Louis, forbidden to hold meetings on the streets, they went out on the frozen Mississippi and held them among the skaters!

As time went on, even the people who still smiled at the earnest men and women kneeling in the streets, or singing stirring hymns to the accompaniment of trumpets and tambourines, learned to respect them and their work. Then came World War I, and the Salvation Army went right up to the front lines. Wherever there were tired, hungry, homesick soldiers, there was "the Army"—with steaming coffee and doughnuts, and words of comfort and cheer. When World War II broke out the Salvation Army, as a unit in the USO, carried on its work of bringing help and comfort to the armed forces. Now America has taken the Salvation Army to its heart, and the bread which for so many years it has been casting upon the waters is coming back to it.

"SOMETHING OLD"

When June's last wedding bell has rung out this year, nearly two hundred thousand brides in this country will have said their "I do's" in this month which has come to be thought of as traditional for weddings. Some will have been married quietly; many others will have had the traditional wedding, with bridesmaids, ushers, and yards of white satin. But however simple or elaborate the ceremony, every wedding will observe some custom whose origin is lost in the mists of time.

The very word "wedding" comes from the Anglo-Saxon "wed"—the money, horses, or

cattle which the groom gave to the girl's father as a sort of "down payment" on the purchase price of the bride. At the ceremony the full purchase price was handed over, and the father "gave away" his daughter.

The medieval bride approached the church with her hair hanging down over her face as a sign of her freedom. After the ceremony it was bound up, and from this has come the custom in many places of

Speech! Speech!

You are probably familiar with the following quotations. But do you know the names of the men from whose speeches or writings they are taken?

1. "Give me liberty, or give me death!"
2. "Sir, I would rather be right than be President!"
3. "We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."
4. "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

ANSWERS

1. Patrick Henry.
2. Henry Clay.
3. Thomas Jefferson, in the Declaration of Independence.
4. Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

wearing the veil over the face before the ceremony, and flinging it back afterward.

To the Egyptians, the circle represented eternity, and down through the ages the ring has always been a pledge, the mark of a solemn promise. How natural, then, to choose the ring to symbolize a tie expected to last forever. In olden days in England, couples too poor to buy a ring often were married with the ring which held the church keys! Because the right hand signified power, originally the wife wore her wedding ring on the left hand as a token of submission, and also because it was believed that a vein ran directly from the ring finger of the left hand to the heart.

Wedding presents at first were household goods which were only lent to the young couple to help them start housekeeping, and were to be returned. Perhaps so many of these "presents" never were returned that people decided to make the best of a bad bargain—at any rate, in the course of time the loans became outright gifts.

The wedding feast and the bride's cake are very old customs, too. At Roman wedding feasts, guests broke a meal cake over the bride's head, to bring her good luck and plenty. The Romans brought the custom with them to Britain, and to make sure there would be enough pieces for all the

guests, the early Britons baked quantities of small cakes in advance of the wedding. Later, it became the custom for guests to bring their own richly spiced cakes to heap in front of the bride, and then someone had the happy idea of icing the whole mound. From that has evolved our many-tiered wedding cake, big enough for every guest to have a piece of "good luck"—the same good luck brides have been wished for centuries: health, happiness, and prosperity.

WATCH THOSE TREES!

Our priceless heritage of forests and woodlands, so vital to our country, is the concern of all of us. And each of us, while hiking or camping this summer in wooded areas, can become an unofficial forest ranger, not only by taking every precaution against starting forest fires, but also by watching for signs of one of the most important of the diseases which threaten our trees.

This is the oak wilt, first observed in 1946 in the Siskiyou Forest near Oregon, Illinois. It is particularly prevalent in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana. The wilt generally appears first on branches in the upper part of the tree crown, and spreads downward. Leaves become dull or pale green, then curl, and turn yellow or brown. Suspected specimens should be sent to the Agricultural Station of the State in which they are found, with a description of the location of the trees.

According to the United States Department of Agriculture, all species of oaks that grow wild in the States where the disease has been found are susceptible to oak wilt. The fungus spreads so rapidly in the sap wood of red and black oaks that pruning away diseased branches is ineffective. Foresters are cutting down all living oaks within a fifty-foot radius of the affected trees. Even the stumps and roots must be destroyed.

Unless the disease can be checked, the oak, commercially one of our most important trees, may almost disappear, as did the stately American chestnut just a few years ago. But if we all help, oak wilt may be checked as effectively as was the Dutch elm disease, first noticed in 1930. This disease spreads more slowly than oak wilt, and by constant research foresters have developed methods which may save many trees.

We still have some 550,000,000 acres of forests in our country, almost 200,000,000 of them under national, State, or local protection. But unless ways can be found to cure or check blights like oak wilt and Dutch elm disease, another generation of young people may well be asking, "Did you ever see an elm or an oak?"

THE END

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DRINK
Coca-Cola
Play Refreshed
ICE COLD

Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK

Where you play
The pause that refreshes
with ice-cold Coca-Cola



use **MERCUROCHROME** *for first aid*

Do not neglect wounds, however small; even scratches and small cuts may become infected if they are not properly treated.

'Mercurochrome' (H. W. & D. brand of merbromin, dibromoxymercurifluorescein-sodium) is one of the best antiseptics for first aid use. It is accepted by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association for this purpose.

The 2% aqueous solution does not sting and can be applied safely to small wounds. Children do not hesitate to report their injuries promptly when 'Mercurochrome' is the household antiseptic, because they know that they will not be hurt. Other advantages are that solutions keep indefinitely and the color shows just where it has been applied.

Doctors have used 'Mercurochrome' for more than 28 years.

Keep a bottle of 'Mercurochrome' handy for the first aid care of all minor wounds. Do not fail to call a physician in more serious cases.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**HYNSON, WESTCOTT
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BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

